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FEBRUARY 1944

The American Mercury

CAN STALIN'S RUSSIA GO DEMOCRATIC?

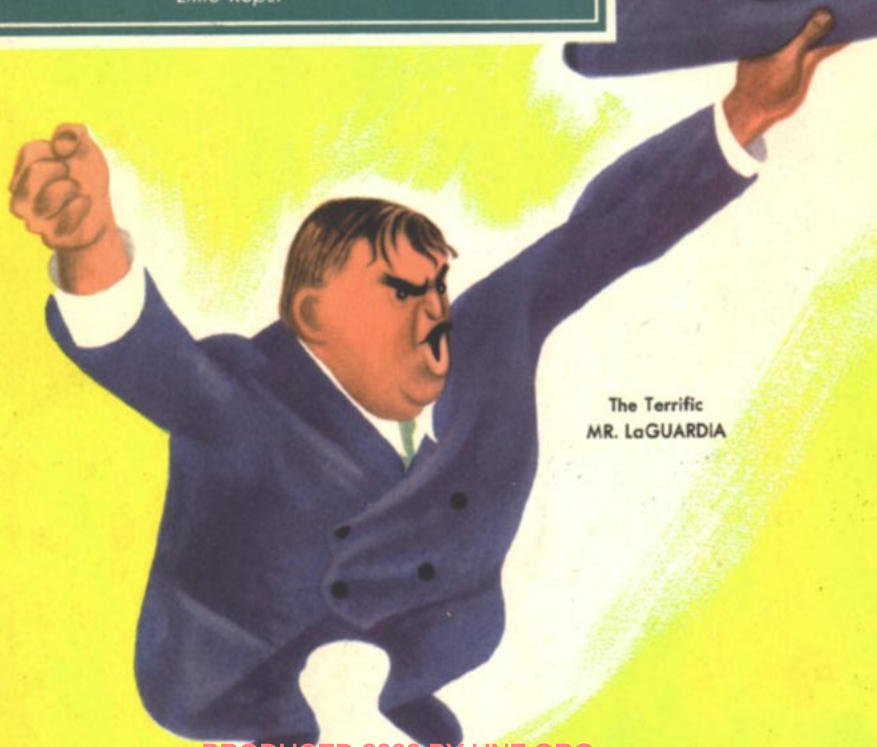
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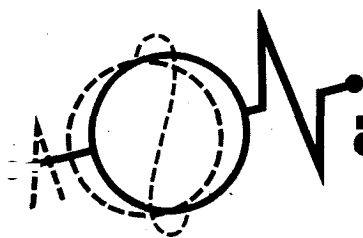
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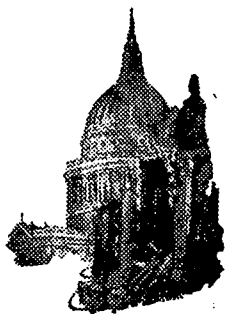
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LVIII

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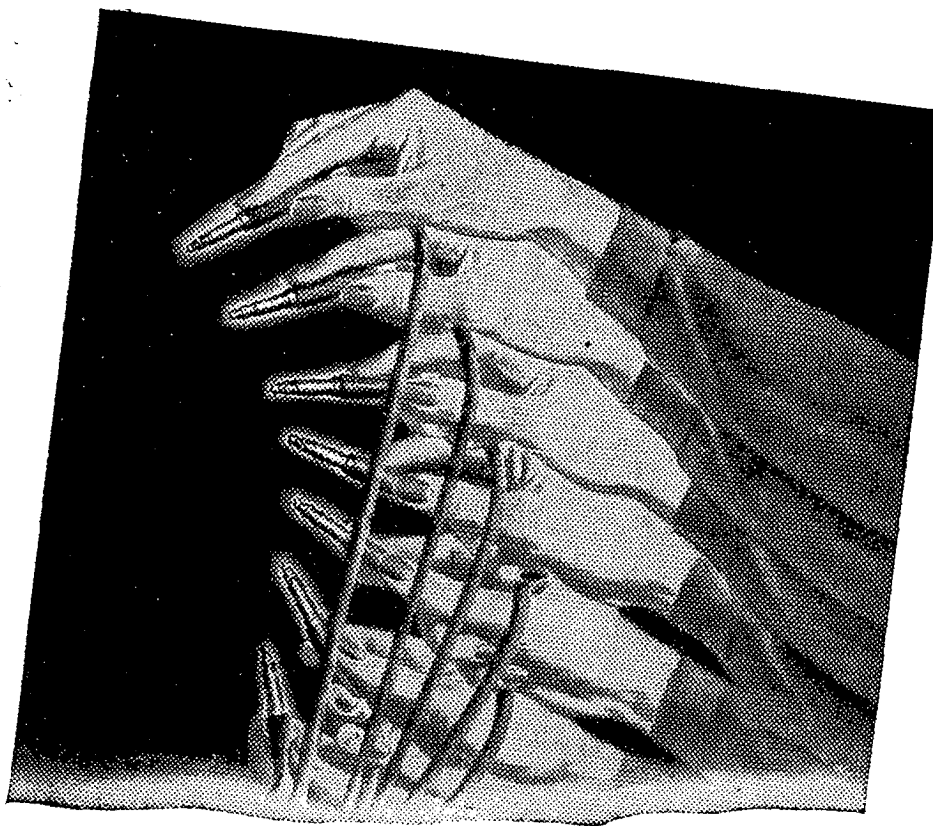
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NEW GOALS FOR OLD AGE, edited by George Lawton. \$2.75. *Columbia University Press*. A collection of fourteen authoritative, ably written, and very sensible essays on various problems associated with those over sixty-five years of age, of whom we now have about 9,000,000, with a prospect of 26,000,000 in 1980. At the end is an anonymous chapter entitled, "How It Feels to be Seventy-Five and a Woman." It is an extraordinary human document.

(Continued on page 254)

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CAN STALIN'S RUSSIA GO DEMOCRATIC?

The fact that Russia, a completely dictatorial country, is on the United Nations side of the war against Germany is a paradox that raises both high hopes and profound misgivings. Can the Soviet régime under Joseph Stalin undergo an internal revolution — or evolution — that would give Russia democracy, at least in the American sense? Because the political future of Russia is a matter of the greatest significance to the whole world, we are pleased to present two sharply contrasting answers to the question. — THE EDITORS.

Yes — BY ARTHUR UPHAM POPE

CAN the *United States* become really democratic? This is a question that the Russians might and probably are asking today. But we cannot say whether the United States, Russia or any other nation is or can become democratic unless we ourselves are quite clear what democracy really is.

We used to assume that democracy and our own form of government were identical. Democracy, however, was not an American invention nor is it in any sense a unique American achievement. Indeed, if one were to take contemporary political debate seriously, it would seem that democracy is

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, organizer and chairman of the Committee for National Morale, is an internationally famous authority on the history of Persian culture, especially the development of Persian architectural forms. He has visited Russia fourteen times.

not working in the United States and that we might any day lose what we have. The President has been denounced by his political opponents as a dictator, charged with trying to purge Congress, demoralize the Supreme Court and set up a lifetime personal rule. If the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson press were to be believed, the scheduled Congressional elections of 1942 were to be set aside. Even a high-ranking bishop said if we ever got a million men under arms, "we would never be able to return to the ideals of democracy and a free people."

The disfranchisement of the Negroes in many sections, the operations of the poll tax, the pressure groups and rackets that often defy the will and interests of the majority — all this and more can be cited to prove that the United States itself, after one hundred and fifty years of this lively experiment, has not yet succeeded in becoming a perfect democracy. The achievement of democracy takes time, requires vigilant and continuous service, hard and honest thinking. National democracy cannot be had merely by multiplying the New England Town Meeting by a million and then standing pat. New problems, new magnitudes and complications require new forms.

Democracy is not a gift but a challenge, not a fact but a process, not an achievement but an ideal.

There are, moreover, many ways of complying with the forms of political democracy but cheating on the substance. The essential or potential democracy of a nation cannot be fairly judged by the political practice of any given moment. It is the nation's fundamental ideal and the direction of its development that determine whether or not the nation is on its way to becoming democratic. Thus viewed, we can with confidence expect Russia to become a full-fledged democracy.

If Russia has not been rapid in developing the final forms of the democratic process, it is because she has envisioned democracy in a large way and has always, partly because of practical urgencies and partly because of her realistic logic, placed a prior value on social amelioration, actually the goal of democratic process everywhere, which Russians think can afterwards be permanently secured by the apparatus of political democracy. She has already attained economic democracy, democracy of education, full democracy between the sexes, and the very important ethnic democracy. In Russia racial discrimination and dissension are

unknown. The legal and social equality basic to democracy have actually been achieved. The next step, full political democracy, cannot be long postponed.

The democratic ideal is deep in the Russian character and even under the Tsars found expression in basic institutions like the village *mir*, and in the democratic county councils like the *zemstvos*. Moreover, those who know Russia know her capacity for self-criticism. The fury with which the shop committees can indict management; the sharp ridicule of bureaucracy, the outspoken criticisms of some of the government departments are signs of an alert and increasingly vocal public opinion. The Stalin régime operates through a superb system of information and reports that bring to the Kremlin the needs, the state of mind, the hopes of the people; and decisions are taken, not in tyrannical caprice, but after long, patient, open-minded discussions with those best qualified to advise. These are all elements that favor assumption of full democracy.

The basic determination of the Russians to have a voice in their own government is illustrated by an amusing incident recounted by Albert Rhys Williams:

I found myself in a far away Russian

village where an emissary from Moscow was persuading the peasants to install a radio loud-speaker. As a final argument he said, "Put in a loud speaker, and then you won't have to take *my* word as to what Stalin and Kalinin are saying in Moscow. You will be able to hear for yourselves." "Very good, Comrade talker," interjected an old, long-bearded peasant. "But will this new contraption talk backwards? Will they, in Moscow, be able to hear what we are saying in the villages?"

II

Russia is still a young and growing nation, a nation on the march, continually developing. Even the old Russia was not static. The revolution itself was not the sudden crash of flame and thunder that it seemed; the storm had long been gathering, and out of suffering, wrath and titanic ambitions, plans for a new order were steadily emerging; passion and turmoil were gradually rationalized and programmed. Its ideals were based on Russian experience and tradition, even its very violence was characteristic, and the exalted vision of a free and prosperous humanity which animated its sincere founders was typically Russian.

This combination of the Russian character and the spirit of change — growth-energy, the biologists call it — is a most significant but

insufficiently stressed feature of Soviet Russia today. For while the Soviet régime holds faithful to its socialist ideal, broadly conceived, yet it is steadily adapting its program to the realities, and the last twenty-five years have seen immense and truly fundamental changes.

Many of the original slogans of the revolution have been silenced. The rigidities of Marxian formulae have been relaxed; world revolution has been given up; Russia has become increasingly nationalistic, patriotic, disciplined, flexible and contemporary.

Moreover, the democratic ideal has been expressly formulated and endorsed and, further, made a feature of foreign policy. The people are growing in responsibility and sense of participation. This process is certain to be expedited at the end of the war. It was Lenin who demonstrated that great wars are the precursors of revolution and favor expanding liberties. To suppose that this process will be halted is to deny the plain teaching of history and Russian history in particular.

The direction of this development is forecast and controlled by the pledges of the new Soviet constitution. Here is the evidence, indeed the proof, that Stalinist Rus-

sia can and will become democratic. It is Stalin's own handiwork, quite as much as the Declaration of Independence was the work of Jefferson. Here is one of the great democratic documents, less democratic at a number of points than our own constitution; definitely more democratic at others.

It affirms throughout the sovereignty of the people, it acknowledges and proclaims the authority of the common man. It provides that all the natural resources of the country plus the principal means of production should "belong to the whole people" (Article 6), but that individuals have the right "to personal ownership of their incomes from work and of their savings" (Article 10) and personal property, including a plot of land and minor agricultural equipment (Article 7). Furthermore, each State in the Soviet Union is accorded the right "freely to secede" (Article 17).

III

What are universally regarded as the basic forms of political democracy are guaranteed in the most positive terms. Equality of all before the law is assured. All citizens, including women, are guaranteed equality "irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of

economic, state, cultural, social and political life" (Article 123). Similarly, the citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law "freedom of conscience" and "freedom of religious worship" (Article 124), inviolability of person, the home and the right of asylum (Arts. 127, 128, 129).

Again, citizens are guaranteed (Article 125) "freedom of speech; freedom of the press; freedom of assembly"; and with the extraordinary realism that has marked the continuous development of the Soviet Union, the citizens are assured the means for implementing these rights — "freedom of street processions and demonstrations, printing presses, stocks of paper, public buildings, the streets, communications facilities and other material requisites for the exercise of these rights," the want of which has often in the western democracies frustrated the expression of the public will, and stifled the voice of the minority.

Of course, it will be said that Russia is a one-man and one-party government. It is, in certain particulars, but the one-party system is not required by the constitution and people who are promised freedom of speech, assembly, security of person, property, and the means to implement their opinions, certainly

will have the power to make such changes in that system as they wish.

Here, then, is a document which, if lived up to, will provide a democracy as ample and as real as any in the world. But why was not the constitution put into full effect when promulgated in 1936? For the simple reason that Russia felt herself already at war. As Hitler said, "War begins long before the actual fighting." For ten years Russia has known that she would have to fight Germany for her very existence. She has also known that she had no chance of success unless she could industrialize with unprecedented speed which would require superhuman anguished efforts on the part of all. If industrialization and other urgent forms of preparation did save Russia, they knew that it would be by such a small margin that any slowing up or diversion because of political dissensions or even discussions by the Russians, who are great talkers, might be fatal.

And so, as is inevitable and right in times of grave national peril, certain constitutional guarantees were suspended, just as they have been in Great Britain and the United States, and a severe centralized control took all the responsibilities and made all the important decisions.

Never has a government given its citizens a pledge more specific or so irrevocable as the Soviet constitution. It even anticipated the demand of the Russian people for full participation in government, and it was presented to them with a ceremony, a thoroughness and an enthusiasm which thrilled the entire nation. From one end of the land to the other there were impressive celebrations. Elaborate and costly copies are to be seen in every community and village. The Russians know their constitution, on the whole, better than we know ours.

IV

The constitution, moreover, is a contract with the people sealed with their blood. No mind can describe nor heart comprehend the vast and infinite sufferings of the Russian people in this war. Probably not less than fifteen million people have been done to death, most of them in the very extremities of anguish. Russia's lands have been devastated, her cities wrecked, her populations tortured and massacred.

The world has never seen a national effort so vast, so complicated, yet so genuinely unified as that which the Russian people have put

forth in the present conflict. Could there be more overwhelming proof that the government of Soviet Russia rests firmly upon the will of the people? As Winston Churchill proclaimed in his Quebec speech of August 31: "No government ever formed among men has been capable of surviving injuries so grave and cruel as those inflicted by Hitler upon Russia." Powerfully established as it is, nonetheless, neither the Soviet régime nor any other government could default on such a pledge as that given by the constitution without inviting destruction. The Russian people now know how to wage war as no nation on earth — not even the Germans. They are thoroughly armed, even almost to the children, and will not be gainsaid or cheated of their hopes even if anyone so wished.

The Russophobes protested that Stalin was not supported by the people, that he would not trust them with arms, that he would not dare to take on himself the responsibility for the sufferings and disasters that war would bring. They were wrong in every respect, and will again be equally wrong if they imply that reaction and suppression are to be the rewards of the Russian people; and that the forward liberalization which is the trend of the Soviet régime and the

clear indication of Russian history is now to be frustrated.

We have been consistently wrong about Russia. We once believed that Lenin and Trotsky were German agents; that Lenin died eighteen times in one year; that Russia was a bedlam of criminal lunatics slaughtering millions of the intelligentsia.

We even believed the coarse joke about the nationalization of women; naïvely thought that we could remedy things by a blockade which brought thousands to their death while our food stores piled up almost in sight of the starving; that military intervention would help; and that the Soviet régime, anyway, was going to collapse — a fantasy which survived for a great many years.

Few believed that Russia, supposed to be a nation of illiterate, indolent and drunken *muzhiks*, constitutionally and incurably non-mechanical, could ever be industrialized. Well, it has and right thoroughly, too. We believed, and ranking military officials declared, that Russia would be overwhelmed by Germany in three weeks — then six weeks — ten weeks — three months — that Stalin was done for; that Moscow would fall was proclaimed by our own Assistant Military Attaché; that Stalingrad would

hold out few imagined; that Russia could mount a formidable winter offensive and then an even greater summer offensive also was greeted with equal incredulity.

The United States was astonished at the success of the Moscow conference. Even Secretary of State Hull said it went way beyond expectations. But the Moscow conference was in complete accord with Soviet policy, and our expectations were not very generous or realistic. Then came Teheran, which provided further proof of that lack of realism and of generosity.

For twenty-five years we have continuously sold Russia short and on nearly every occasion we have been wrong; and we, as well as Russia and the whole world, have thereby lost immeasurably. We can no longer afford to make such mistakes. Had we fully understood and respected Russia ten years ago as much as we do now, had we cooperated with good will and mutual confidence, the war could have been averted.

No enduring or satisfactory peace is possible without good will and cooperation between Russia and the United States. We must not repeat our previous errors by doubting that Stalin's Russia can go fully and truly democratic. As Captain

Eddie Rickenbacker said, after an extensive tour of the Soviet Union, "Russia is on her way to becoming the world's greatest democracy" — *unless*, we might add, America should get there first.

No — BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

CAN Stalin's Russia go democratic? My answer is an emphatic No. I submit that by no fair or reasonable definition could Stalin's régime, with its highly perfected totalitarian setup, be considered a democracy. And I consider it extremely improbable that Russia under Stalin's rule will ever become a democracy.

I am not inclined to take the word of an absolute dictator that his régime is "democratic." When Mussolini, in an Italian encyclopedia, declared that "fascism is the purest form of democracy" it impressed me as a good item for the funnies. In precisely the same category is Stalin's comment, after the first national elections held under the provisions of the Soviet constitution of 1936: "Never in the world have there been such truly free and democratic elections." His foreign apologists don't dare claim that Russia now has political democracy; but the point is that Stalin does claim it — that's his strange idea of democracy.

The "elections" to which he referred in such lyrical terms were not elections at all, in the sense of permitting any freedom of choice between opposing political groups, or even opposing individuals. A single list of candidates, carefully handpicked by the ruling Communist Party, was put up to the voters. The procedure was about as democratic as the choice of a Fascist Chamber of Deputies or a Nazi Reichstag.

I do not conceive democracy as something that can be divorced from individual liberty. This identification of liberty with democracy was recognized when President Roosevelt stated America's war aims in terms of Four Freedoms. Officially Stalin has subscribed to the Four Freedoms. But words in such matters are meaningless. How far are the Four Freedoms a working reality in the Soviet Union at the present time?

1. *Freedom of speech*, with its logical accompaniments, freedom of the press, of election, of trade-

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN is the author of a half dozen books on Russia, the most recent of which is *The Russian Enigma*.

union organization, is completely non-existent in the Soviet Union. I challenge anyone naïve enough to take the tinsel phrases of the Stalin Constitution about civil and personal liberties seriously to ransack books, magazines and newspapers published in Russia for the last decade and find even one derogatory phrase about Stalin personally, or about any major Soviet political or economic policy. And where there is no criticism it is a sound assumption that there is no freedom. One would not wish to insult the Russian people by assuming that they are all submissive robots and human gramophone records.

2. *Freedom of religion*, as Americans understand and practice it, is also non-existent in the Soviet Union. With the exception of a seminary which, according to a recent news dispatch from Moscow, is to be opened by the Orthodox Church with official permission, religious groups may not support schools and colleges from their own contributions, or train priests and pastors and rabbis in seminaries, or express their views in newspapers, or over the radio. The Soviet constitution only guarantees "freedom of religious *worship* and of anti-religious *propaganda*." Under Soviet administrative practice this means that "free-

dom of religion" begins and ends with the holding of services. Large numbers of priests, pastors, rabbis, mullahs have been arrested and arbitrarily sent to concentration camps without the preferring of specific charges. The majority of the churches, mosques, synagogues, religious houses of all kinds have been closed, destroyed or converted to secular uses.

The recent permission, accorded to those ecclesiastics of the Russian Orthodox Church who have escaped execution or exile, to elect a Patriarch does not imply religious freedom. The new Patriarch, Sergius, a holdover from the Holy Synod of the state-controlled Orthodox Church of Tsarist time, has for years proved himself a supple stooge, willing even to commit himself to the shameless lie that there has been no persecution of religion under the Soviet régime. He can be useful to Stalin as a religious "front" to pacify clerical opinion in England and America and still more, perhaps, for purposes of political intrigue in regions where the Orthodox Church possesses traditional influence. Indeed, it will not be surprising to see Sergius as the right hand and Comrade Tito as the left hand of a Soviet expansionist policy in the Balkans. It is a long road from the appointment of Sergius, the Tsarist

prelate, to serve the very worldly purposes of an atheistic dictator to the establishment of that genuine religious freedom that can only exist side by side with personal, political and intellectual freedom.

3. *Freedom from want.* "Want" is, of course, a relative conception. But a few undeniable facts would show that freedom from want, taking that word in its most modest sense, is alien to the Soviet Union. A. Yugow, a serious student of Russian economics who is by no means unfriendly in his theoretical attitude toward the Soviet system, writes:¹

In 1938 the Soviet workman was not only more poorly fed than the French or German workman, but more poorly even than the Bulgarian. Compared with the Swedish workman, the Soviet worker, although he ate much more bread, had one-third of the meat, two-fifths of the fats, one-third of the milk, one-tenth of the sugar, one-fifteenth of the eggs, not to speak of vegetables, fruits and so on.

And 1938 was one of the most favorable years, from the Soviet standpoint. The worst effects of the man-made famine of 1932-33 had been outlived and the new rigors imposed by the war in Europe had not begun. Food shortage has been chronic under the Stalin rule;

and real wages, as distinct from money wages, have declined steadily.

4. *Freedom from fear.* There can be no greater delusion than the belief that the Russians have gained security by relinquishing liberty. No one can be more acutely insecure than the citizens of the totalitarian state, as the high percentage of executions, mysterious suicides, arrests, etc., in Stalin's Russia and Hitler's Germany alike would testify. No government in the world has exceeded the Soviet record in political executions of its own subjects or in consigning its own people to hard labor in concentration camps. Even Nicholas II granted wide amnesties when Russia went to war; Stalin only made additional mass arrests; his political prisoners today run literally into millions, many of them communists.

Habeas cadaver, not *habeas corpus*, is the guiding principle of Soviet jurisprudence. In no country have I seen so many examples of abject fear, inspired by the government itself. Only in Germany is the political police system so vast, so arbitrary, so awe-inspiring.

It has been suggested, even in high American official quarters, that Russia's achievements in "economic democracy" and "ethnic democracy" make the strict ob-

¹ *Russia's Economic Front for War and Peace*, page 212.

servance of political and personal liberties outmoded and archaic. As for "economic democracy," I wonder how many American workers would choose this name for a system under which the boss and the head of the trade-union were both part of the same power-machine. How would American and West European workers like a system of all-out industrial conscription, in peace and in war, under which they are liable to fine or prison terms for changing jobs without permission or being absent or late to work?

The Soviet recognition of racial equality is both a right and a wise policy for a country of many races, headed by a dictator belonging to one of the minority races. But "ethnic democracy" is robbed of much of its practical value when not associated with political freedom and guarantees of personal security against arbitrary state power. What was the benefit of "ethnic democracy" to the Koreans of Eastern Siberia who were shipped off *en masse* to Central Asia? Or to Soviet Finns, uprooted from homes where their ancestors had lived for generations near Lenin-grad? Or to the Volga Germans, in Russia for centuries, but ruthlessly banished to Central Asia on a strict principle of racial selection after the outbreak of the war?

Contrary to a widely accepted fallacy, Russia's excellent showing in the present war has nothing to do with the "democracy" of the Soviet régime. Stalin is only one in a long line of absolute rulers, from Alexander the Great to Hitler, who has succeeded in building up a powerful military machine by imposing great sacrifices upon his subjects. The Russians who fought heroically against Napoleon were serfs — did they thereby attest their enthusiasm for serfdom?

To describe Stalin's Russia, at the present time, as a democracy, is to insult democracy, reason and common sense. That the notion can be seriously suggested is a triumph of totalitarian propaganda. As to the Russia of tomorrow, only a superficial observer would be dogmatic. Even in countries where there is freedom of discussion there is no unanimity of opinion about the shape of things to come. How then pose as an infallible soothsayer about Russia, a country where political life proceeds beneath the glacial ice-cap of absolute political controls?

Russia may achieve democracy — but then it will no longer be Stalin's Russia. For a dictator to survive in power after the dissolution of his dictatorship would be extraordinary, to say the least.

II

There is a tradition of freedom as well as a tradition of oppression and absolutism in the Russian past. There was the wild Cossack freedom of the Russian frontier that finds expression in the stormy careers of chieftains like Razin and Pugachev and Khmelnitsky. There was the reasoned freedom of Russia's thinkers and humanists of the nineteenth century. There was the local political freedom of the *mir* and the *zemstvo* under the Tsars.

If the Soviet younger generation should turn away from the officially approved figures of the Russian past, the despotic Tsars Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great, and begin to absorb the rebel thought of Herzen and Belinsky, Tolstoy and Kropotkin, the consequences might well be explosive. The end of the war may unloose more demands for genuine "economic democracy," as opposed to the phony Stalinist brand, among the workers and peasants. The Stalin régime, like its Tsarist predecessor, may then face a revolutionary crisis.

But it is exceedingly improbable that Stalin would or could preside over the liquidation of his own totalitarian system. Dictatorships are built for self-perpetuation, not for self-liquidation. Political tyr-

anny, secret police, concentration camps and the rest are not accidental — they are the instruments for retaining power. There is no example in history of the establishment of democracy and liberty through the free gift of an absolute ruler.

True democracy has always emerged from conscious struggle and popular demands, usually backed up with arms in the hands of the people. This is the common pattern of the British Civil War in the seventeenth century, of the American and French Revolutions in the eighteenth. Constitutions that were handed down by the gracious will of a sovereign who remained on the throne have always proved duds in practice.

Besides, tyrants tend to become prisoners of their own system of power. The safety, the very lives, of large numbers of officials and retainers would be endangered by an advance of democracy. Could Hitler, for instance, turn Germany democratic, open prison doors, permit freedom of speech, yet remain in power? Such a thing is no easier to imagine for Stalin. Could he risk permitting millions of embittered political enemies to stream back from concentration camps and internal exile points? Could he survive real freedom of speech, press

and assemblage in a country where nearly every family has suffered the effects of brutal liquidations, purges, politically-made famines?

What makes it especially improbable and even ludicrous that Stalin would be or could be a pioneer of democracy in Russia is that his whole political career has been devoted to stamping out with meticulous care those limited elements of democracy and individual freedom of expression that existed in the Communist Party in the first years of the Soviet régime. In looking up the records of the five Communist Party Congresses that took place under Lenin between 1917 and 1921 one is amazed, in the light of later Soviet conditions, at the amount of freedom and self-respect which the delegates enjoyed. Lenin's leadership was attacked in a way that became unthinkable under Stalin's iron rule.

As Stalin built up more and more arbitrary personal dictatorship, as he eliminated — first politically, then physically — most of the surviving leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution, these Party congresses became less frequent and mere rubber-stamp affairs. It would be out of character, to put it mildly, for Stalin, after systematically destroying by every weapon from the executioner's bullet to the concoction

of fantastic slander every leader of an oppositionist tendency within his own party to inaugurate the right of opposition for the whole country. Those who imagine such a thing are, I suspect, victims of their own wishful thinking. A dictator can no more dispense with executions and purges and secret police than a drug addict could dispense with his shot in the arm.

And it is not a case merely of an individual dictator. Many developments of recent years in Russia point to a widening of the gulf between the Soviet ruling class and the masses of the people. I refer to such things as the increasing differences in income, the abolition of free higher education, the restoration of old privileges of rank to army officers, the greater insistence on distinction and subordination in the civil service, etc. It is scarcely possible, short of a miracle, that a ruling class will voluntarily give up such useful weapons of power as the monopolistic control of education and propaganda and the suppression of all independent criticism.

A modern totalitarian ruler, like the old-fashioned traditional absolute sovereign, is the creature as well as the master of his own power-machine. Two of the Tsars of the nineteenth century, Alex-

ander I and Alexander II, possessed some genuine liberal impulses. But when they tried to translate these impulses into practice they were always frustrated or restricted to inadequate half-measures because of the overwhelming influence of the aristocrats and officials who surrounded them at court. The Autocrat of all the Russias could do practically anything — except liquidate his own autocracy. Stalin, the Autocrat of all the Soviet Republics, is in the same position. His huge machine of political domination and thought-control is a Frankenstein's monster that he could not dismantle. And there is certainly no convincing evidence that he cherishes any such desire.

It is no short or easy thing for a people to recover from a long period of confinement within a totalitarian strait jacket. Even after the fascist régime has been literally blasted out of existence the Italians are obviously obliged to go through a slow and painful process of convalescence before they can effectively resume the long suspended liberties.

It may be that the present war, from which Russia will emerge victorious but greatly weakened by human and material losses, is sapping the foundations of the totali-

tarian régime. Certainly a Free Russia would be one of the surest guaranties of a free and peaceful world. For all experience shows that the danger of aggressive war is in inverse ratio to the control which a people possesses over its rulers and their actions. *But it is not Stalin's Russia that will go democratic.* Should a Free Russia come into being as a result of developments that we cannot foresee now with any precision, it will not be associated with the name of Stalin, the arch-totalitarian and past-master of Machiavellian power politics at home and abroad.

It is reasonable to expect, sooner or later, some real abatement of terror in the USSR, such as the curbing of the powers of the State Political Police, amnesties and restitution of civil rights for some of the myriad political prisoners, open trials for all who are arrested, and so on. Such developments will be instantly hailed by wishful thinkers as the arrival of "democracy" in Russia. But gratifying as a let-down in terror would be to all friends of freedom, democracy must be measured not negatively but positively — by reference to freedom of speech, press and assemblage and in particular the right to organized political opposition.

► *A one-man party stymied
by a political dead-end.*

THE TERRIFIC MR. LAGUARDIA

BY JOHN G. ROGERS

WHEN Fiorello H. LaGuardia was president of New York's Board of Aldermen twenty-three years ago, an exasperated politico cried out one day at City Hall, "Why doesn't someone hit the little guy with the gavel?" That wishful cry has echoed through the years. Nearly everyone who has dealt with the exciting and excitable little Mayor of New York has had the same yearning. And, since LaGuardia has been cycloning through public life for nearly thirty years, the company of those who would slug him into silence is large and distinguished. It includes some who never have seen the Mayor. Adolf Hitler, for instance.

Only a corpse could be indifferent toward LaGuardia. He has been assaulted on the steps of his own City Hall. In Detroit he once threw a straight left at a heckler. He has abused reporters with four-letter words and sought to have

them fired. He has so bullied most of his commissioners that they fear to sneeze without his permission. Once, before the war, he insulted Hitler so grossly that the State Department had to "explain." He has feuded publicly with teachers, soldiers, editors, cops, ex-employés. In running for office fourteen times, he has used nine political parties and cursed most of them. He has fired secretaries and then fumed when they didn't answer his buzzer five minutes later.

And this is a highly abbreviated list of the mean, funny or eccentric stunts pulled by the fiercely blooming Little Flower, whose complex temperament makes him endlessly provocative. He is a man of fascinating and exasperating contrasts — big enough to be seriously proposed for the Presidency and small enough to reply to newspaper criticism by snatching a notepad from a reporter's hands and ripping it to shreds. Probably no other Ameri-

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can politician has done so many right things the wrong way; and certainly few others have so often disregarded the law in what they regarded as the public interest.

For nearly three decades LaGuardia has been the nation's outstanding one-man political party. He is perhaps the most conspicuous vote-getter against odds and against organized machines on record. But his political talents, like his faults, are so highly individual that no conclusions about fusion government or municipal reform based on his experience can hold good for anyone else. He is a shrewd, cunning and ruthless politician who fights tough and dirty for good causes and his energies seem boundless. Many people who express contempt for his methods and personality have been voting for him for years. New York has sent him seven times to the House of Representatives and has elected him Mayor three times in succession.

LaGuardia is scrupulously honest in the money sense, and he gives the city good clean government. For nearly a decade these considerations have been so paramount to voters smarting under Tammany Hall memories that they have been willing to put up with LaGuardia the eccentric in order to get LaGuardia the reformer. New York-

ers gripe when, for reasons of his own, their Mayor is raising a tantrum, but they know that municipal graft is at a minimum in a city where tin boxes long clinked merrily with the ring of stolen taxpayers' money. They can't walk far in any direction without observing schools, parks, parkways, playgrounds, bridges, health stations, housing developments and other LaGuardia projects that have changed the sprawling face of the metropolis for the better.

Also, in a tolerant sort of way, New York is fond of LaGuardia, laughing with him when he's in good humor, laughing at him when he's acting like a selfish, nasty, spoiled little boy. The Mayor gives his people their money's worth, and he's always a good show. He runs to fires and struts between the hose lines, barking orders. Periodically he starts crusades against gamblers, shouting "Tinhorns! Thieves! Dirty chisellers! I'll run 'em outa town!" Son of an Italian bandmaster, he leads orchestras in Central Park. He has led vice raids personally in Brooklyn. He boasts of his spaghetti sauce and plays the cornet. En route to his office recently he bounced out of his car and broke up a street fight between two sailors. He loves to fly and frets when bad weather forces him to use

trains. Once in 1939 he started and ended his day in New York, having made speeches in Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago in between. At the age of sixty-one he still can out-work three relays of secretaries.

LaGuardia will announce suddenly to reporters, "I won't speak to you for two weeks!" His feet dangle ten inches above the floor when he sits at his desk, on which he won't have a telephone. A born actor, and such an impulsive one that he won't bind himself by writing out a speech in advance, he can change in thirty seconds from the fairly dignified elder statesman to arm-flailing falsetto-voiced rabble-rouser. During political campaigns he screams at the opposition, "Crooks! Bums! Double-crossers! Lousy! Phooey!" In his last campaign, he grabbed a cabbage out of a vegetable stall, held it aloft and shouted, "My opponent's head!"

No one word can describe the Little Flower, who is five feet two inches tall, wears big black hats, and likes to be addressed as Major — the highest rank he held as an American aviator in Italy in the World War. He is furious, audacious, ambitious and beholden to no man or party. But under the eccentric there is a canny and utterly unscrupulous politician. He has made "deals" right, left and

center when votes were at stake; has endorsed communists and attacked them in the same week; has juggled racial and ideological vote blocs with the easiest of consciences.

The manner in which he got himself back into Congress in 1922 is a typical LaGuardia tale. In that year he was an ex-Congressman, ex-aviator and ex-city official. He wanted to return to Congress but his party of the moment, the Republicans, frowned on the plan. They were frankly fed up with him. What did LaGuardia do? First, he practically blackmailed a nomination out of the Republicans by threatening to run for Governor and split the GOP vote. Then, when the bosses gave him a nomination in a Harlem district so loyal to Tammany that a Republican had little chance of winning, he chucked away his Republican support by announcing: "I'm a Republican but I'm not running on the Republican platform. I'm a radical running on a conservative ticket." He campaigned so hard that Tammany got scared and resorted to a cheap dodge — the distribution of leaflets painting LaGuardia as a Jew-hater. The Mayor, who has Jewish blood in his Italian veins, exploded with anger. He challenged his opponent to a public debate in

Yiddish. The terrified Tammany man, knowing not a word of the language, went into hiding while LaGuardia made three speeches in that tongue and won the election by exactly 254 votes.

In Congress, LaGuardia immediately bolted the Republicans and joined the Progressives, under whose standard he was re-elected two years later. In another two years the Progressive Party had collapsed and LaGuardia had the gall to demand Republican support. What's more, he got it. As one of the weary Republican bosses said with a sigh, "Now what the hell can you do with a guy like that?"

II

Because he was born in New York and has for so long been associated with the city, LaGuardia often is thought of as an original product of the big city. Actually he is the product of such diverse rearing grounds as Western United States and Europe. His parents came from Italy in 1878 and Fiorello was born four years later. Three years after that his father became an Army bandmaster and young LaGuardia grew up in South Dakota and Arizona, in the atmosphere, exhilarating to a high-spirited boy, of U. S. Army posts. After the elder La-

Guardia died in 1901, Fiorello spent five years in Europe — Budapest, Trieste, Fiume — with the United States Consular Service before returning to his native city where a career of fame and fury awaited him.

In 1916, just ten years after the return of the native, he was elected to Congress and ever since then New York and much of the nation have not been allowed to forget his existence much more than twenty-four hours at a time. Legislative halls, far more than administrative chambers, are his natural habitat. There he serves as a spark plug and a gadfly. In Congress, he would haul lamb chops and beefsteak out of his pockets to illustrate his contention that meat prices were too high. As a bitter foe of prohibition, he once made illegal beer at a Harlem soda fountain by mixing near-beer and malt tonic and was burned up when the police refused to arrest him.

LaGuardia is a conscious publicity seeker — it's a deliberate part of his political technique. Never out of hot water for long, he strides through the headlines and enjoys the fireworks. The clown in him and the little Napoleon elbow each other out of the way. A tolerant liberal, he runs his administration with the grip of a dictator, demand-

ing not only obedience but servility from his underlings. He espouses clean causes and shrills profanity in their support. Any one of his progressive friends who forgets that LaGuardia is the boss is soon reminded.

It will be sad, but largely his own fault, if LaGuardia is remembered most not for the good things he has done, not for the brave liberal stands he has taken upon dangerous subjects, but for the never-ending strife and name-calling in which he is engaged. There is reason to fear that his crusades against dishonesty will be forgotten in the memory of not-quite-cricket practices in which he indulges to "get" an erring bingo player, or the proprietor of a poor neighborhood movie house. The implied threat in his recent warning, over the radio, that "all sanitary restaurants" must stop serving butter for lunch was characteristic.

Yet LaGuardia's record of achievement as Mayor cannot be questioned. After ten years of him — ten tough years of depression, then war — New York is admittedly a better city. Its treasury is in sound condition. Its elections are honest. Its commissioners are professional experts, not political hacks. Civil service has been cleaned up, though there is plenty of need for more

soap and water. Civic improvements by the dozen owe their existence to his energy.

But while governing the city the Mayor continues to embroil himself in complicated bickerings — with department stores, the Democrats, the Army, the press, the OPA, the Republicans. Lately, many of his controversies are ignited on Sundays, between 1 and 1:30 P.M. Because that is when LaGuardia makes his weekly radio talk over WNYC, the city-owned station.

Recently, in one of his recurrent assaults on gambling, the Mayor, on the air, asked little boys to report to him if they caught their daddies playing the horses. When criticized for this, the Mayor a few days later pointed to a heap of letters on his desk which, he said, came from citizens approving his action. Reporters asked to see the letters, but the Mayor refused. A photographer, however, snapped a picture over the Mayor's shoulder and, when enlarged, it showed the writing in some of the letters. One said, "I was very shocked to read in the papers that you were calling upon small boys to spy on their fathers." Another said, "... the remark you made yesterday 'inviting' little boys to inform you regarding their fathers' betting smells

like Hitlerism." The Mayor made no defense to the implied charge of misrepresentation and the incident merely fortified his belief that reporters and newspapers are out to persecute him.

LaGuardia clings to this idea despite the fact that most of the city's newspapers support him strongly when he runs for office. But it is true that he has fought some lusty battles with the papers. Two years ago, in the midst of the Mayoralty campaign, the *World-Telegram* criticized LaGuardia editorially for his failure to declare himself as between the communist and anti-communist wings of the American Labor Party. When the paper's reporter came for the Mayor's comment he got it in the form of some short ugly words applied to the editorial writer. Though the Democrats were eager to make use of the incident, they were handicapped because LaGuardia's statement was utterly unprintable. The editorial writer demanded a retraction and the Mayor was forced to apologize.

The Mayor's genius for getting into trouble, however, is nicely balanced by a gift for getting out of it without permanent political harm. Once he appointed a judge who later was attacked as a sympathizer of the unsavory Christian

Frontiers. LaGuardia just grinned and declared, "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut!"

When LaGuardia became the first man in 276 years of New York history to be elected to three consecutive terms as Mayor, he remarked, "I'm not very happy about it." What he meant, doubtless, is that he had hoped to do bigger things. For LaGuardia is ambitious, and just being Mayor is a kind of defeat for him. Those close to him are inclined to blame his growing cantankerousness upon this frustration.

III

LaGuardia clearly is no dull machine product of the type too familiar in city halls. His reputation and influence are national, even international. He has broadcast American propaganda to Italy. He has been national director of the Office of Civilian Defense. He is chairman of the U. S. Conference of Mayors. He is the American head of the United States-Canadian Defense Board. He has important leverage in the White House. William Allen White once proposed him for President on the Republican ticket. He has been mentioned for the Vice-Presidency, as well as for Secretary of War, Navy or Labor.

Yet it is increasingly likely that he faces a political dead-end. And that is the tragedy of LaGuardia. An able and aggressive egotist, he must stand by while new men climb to bigger positions. There is Thomas E. Dewey, for instance. Nine years ago LaGuardia was famous, Dewey an obscure prosecutor. Then Dewey was elected to the job of Manhattan's district attorney — with LaGuardia's help. Today Dewey is Governor and a Presidential possibility, while LaGuardia is still Mayor. That sort of thing is gall in his spaghetti sauce.

It is unwise, of course, to count out any man as resilient and unpredictable as LaGuardia, but it is difficult to see for him any political future on a national scale. Professional politicians detest him because they can't control him. LaGuardia says, in all sincerity, "I'd rather have an ungovernable temper than a governable mind." His mind can't be governed by any machine. Even the New Deal machine, which LaGuardia has always supported, seems to have washed hands of him. The Mayor is bored and bitter at being left out of the big show — the war. He deeply coveted two things: commission to general's rank in the Army or the job of civilian administrator in Italy, the land of his fathers. He

worked hard on these possibilities but they fell through. Federal officials, while respecting his ability, feared that along with LaGuardia they would get a thousand headaches.

In New York City, the Mayor wins elections with mixed support ranging from communists to Republicans and such racial blocs as the Italians and the Jews. But in upstate New York, where the main Republican strength lies, his name is anathema. The Democrats, of course, would not support him for anything anywhere. These political considerations would seem to bar him from the gubernatorial mansion in Albany. As a realist LaGuardia knows his political handicaps. "I could not even get a ticket to the gallery for either political convention," he said many years ago.

There is evidence that for years LaGuardia has dreamed of a third national political party, one made to order for him. When the American Labor Party was formed in New York in 1936 he enrolled in it as a member. But while this party has gathered enough votes for political bargaining purposes, it has not flourished outside the city, and today it is torn asunder by the communist infiltration, for which the Mayor himself is in some

measure responsible. LaGuardia is still a man without a party.

Friends say that his present ambition is to go to the United States Senate. It would be a wholesome shot in the arm for that august body if the little Mayor entered it. In a legislative hall his virtues and his faults alike have value — he's a shrill-barking watchdog of the public interest who fights, who needles, who probes, and who lets nothing slip past him.

Whatever happens to the Little Flower politically, it is certain men

will never agree when it comes to adding him up. Some will call him — in fact, do call him — a petty martinet, an opportunist, a schemer who's money-honest and power-mad.

Others will adjudge him a militant liberal who never relaxed in his battle for a better city, a better country, a better world. LaGuardia himself probably would chuckle in satisfaction over this split opinion. He dislikes some people so passionately that he would be distressed if they liked him.



"Mein Führer, before we go ahead with the ten millionth edition of Mein Kampf, maybe you'd like to add a Postscript. . . ."

► *Should the tenet of one faith be imposed on all?*

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

BY J. H. J. UPHAM, M.D.

I AM writing as a physician, not a theologian. I do not propose to argue the planned parenthood idea with fellow-Americans who regard birth control as *sinful*, nor am I equipped to do so.

That there is nothing inherently irreligious in birth control seems clear enough from the fact that it has been repeatedly approved by leaders of practically all religious groups except the Roman Catholics.

The Federal Council of Churches, the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Lambeth Conference of Bishops of the Church of England are only a few of the ecclesiastical bodies which have voiced approbation.

What is involved, therefore, is not a universal spiritual principle but a specific religious taboo pe-

culiar to one group, the Roman Catholics — and even among them, as I shall show below, subject to important exceptions. I respect that taboo. But after all there is nothing in the planned parenthood program which *compels* anyone to acquire or use birth control knowledge.

The only issues, in all conscience, are whether this vital medical information shall be made available to the overwhelming majority of American wives and husbands who want it, or whether any religious group, large or small, shall be permitted to impose its own taboos upon the whole population.

Let's skip fine-spun arguments and take a common-sense view. There are Americans whose religion forbids the eating of pork. What would the Catholic Church say if this minority conducted a high-powered campaign to bar pork from all butcher shops? Christian Scientists are profoundly op-

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posed to nearly any sort of medical treatment. Shall we therefore abolish the entire medical profession and raze all clinics and hospitals?

The religious phase of the problem must obviously be put aside. In a democracy, it is something between individual men and women and their consciences and therefore outside the realm of discussion. Our heterogeneous population includes a large variety of faiths and a goodly number without any formal religious affiliation. Any attempt by some group to force its special tenets upon everybody is on the face of it repugnant to a democratic nation.

Yet that is precisely the attempt being made, with great success in some areas, by the Catholic Church, directly and through lay Catholic organizations and individuals under its domination. Its aggressive, relentless campaign to deny birth control information and guidance to those who may want it is not restricted to Catholics but is directed to the entire American people.

Its full force as a powerful minority pressure group is being used to influence legislation, to bar medical advice on birth control from public hospitals, to deny meeting halls to planned parent-

hood speakers, to frighten radio stations, newspapers and magazines into silence on the subject.

The people of two of our states, Massachusetts and Connecticut, are being denied a type of medical service available in the other forty-six states largely through Catholic political threats and pressures. Dr. Karl Sax of Harvard University, analyzing the Massachusetts election on the birth control amendment in 1940, declared that "the only important opposition came from the Roman Catholic hierarchy" which carried on "a campaign of lies, scare propaganda, suppression of press and radio and intimidation of voters." He found that "three of the major metropolitan Boston newspapers, and the only newspaper in Fall River, and the three major Boston radio stations refused to accept advertising in favor of the amendment" for fear of Catholic reprisals.

A contraceptive clinic in the General Hospital of Cincinnati, Ohio, sponsored by the local Academy of Medicine, was forced to move under Catholic pressure. In a Catholic hospital in Elizabeth, New Jersey, supported largely by public funds, doctors who refused to sign a pledge that they would not prescribe birth control either in the hospital or in their *private*

practice, were told that they would be excluded from the hospital. A clinic in Austin, Texas, supported by many of the city's leading physicians, was driven out of the Brackenridge Hospital after a Catholic priest launched an attack on this public service.

These are random examples from the records of the Planned Parenthood Federation. Dozens and scores of others could be cited. Public halls have been barred to birth control meetings through Catholic threats; often the proprietors of halls have rescinded permission under this religious pressure. Dozens of newspapers have been warned to expect Catholic boycotts for running articles or even paid advertisements on the planned parenthood idea. The Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier-Journal* is one of the publications which defied such threats, but many another has knuckled under.

I submit that this sort of activity by the Roman Catholic hierarchy is a direct and dangerous invasion of civil rights, as well as a startling infringement of the American principle of separation of church and state. No one for a moment disputes the complete right of the Catholic Church and any groups under its control to preach against planned parenthood among their

members. Since that is what they believe, it is not only their right but their duty. Any effort to limit them in this respect would be a shameful abridgment of religious freedom. But when their campaign is carried beyond their own membership, when it goes beyond moral suasion, employing every conceivable device of political power and economic boycott, it becomes a no less shameful invasion of other people's rights.

II

There are some who, honestly or disingenuously, advance the religious argument against birth control disguised in laymen's language. They would enforce their religious taboo upon non-Catholics or upon Catholics unwilling to accept it by appeals to "nature." Planned parenthood, they declare, "interferes with the Creator's or nature's design"; it "thwarts a deep and sacred biologic urge."

Those are statements that the physician can and should discuss. Throughout its history, medical science has been confronted with prejudice against its discoveries on the ground that they "go against nature." Medical missionaries among primitive peoples often find that their scientific methods of healing

and surgery are looked upon as horrifying interference with "natural" processes. In the more backward and illiterate corners of Europe and the Americas, physicians constantly run into ignorant hostility against electro-therapy, X-ray, vaccination, internal surgery and other procedures among people who want "nature to take its course."

The use of contraceptive methods which have been scientifically studied and approved, and which have received a millionfold test in practice, is no more *unnatural* than any other type of medical knowledge or medical appliances. It does not wreck nature's intentions any more than the use of vitamins or the removal of tonsils. If bringing God-given human intelligence to bear on the care of the body and its functions were in truth a violation of "nature's design," then we should be obliged to let wounds suppurate unchecked and to forbid the use of chemical or mechanical appliances in the interest of bodily health and comfort. A priest who has some decaying teeth fixed or permits the amputation of a gangrenous leg is "thwarting nature" more violently than a woman who follows a physician's advice in preventing an unwanted or dangerous pregnancy.

Planned parenthood clinics, as is generally known, also offer help to would-be mothers who cannot have children because of some physical or psychological trouble. Many women and men are given expert medical advice that enables them to have children. Is that, too, interfering with nature's own decisions? Yet medical information and aid are in these cases no less "unnatural" than those made available in the planning of parenthood.

But more important: the same Catholics who stress the nature argument against planned parenthood recommend the so-called Rhythm System of postponing pregnancy as the one permissible method. The theory is that by abstaining from sexual intercourse during the period of the woman's ovulation, in accordance with a complex calculated system of fertility, inception can be avoided. Here is what Dr. John Rock, an eminent Catholic medical scientist of Harvard University Medical School, has to say about the Rhythm System approved by the Catholic Church:

Continence throughout most of the menstrual cycle is theoretically feasible. It fails because, somewhat like coitus interruptus, it requires in the careless, ignorant, drunken or otherwise impetuous male, qualities that are missing; and in the female, a low sex drive, plus a degree of attentiveness and of mathematical ability found only

in those of high intelligence who are not unduly preoccupied with other pressing domestic affairs. Thus does this much advertised and obviously useful but unwarrantedly approved method fail to offer adequate protection in case pregnancy would be tragic for mother, child or society. Furthermore, it is to be considered an unnatural method, for it is during the fertile period that the whole psychosomatic physiology of the healthy normal female is prepared and intended by her primate nature for coitus.¹

Judged in terms of "thwarting nature" and "striking at the well-spring of life" — I quote the expressions from actual attacks on birth control — this method is the most drastic of all. It frustrates the female of the human species precisely when she is most ready for the sex act and for the inception of new life. If the injunction to be fruitful and to multiply is to be applied literally this would be the very time to make continence a crime. The Catholic propagandists thus contradict and cancel out their own most effective arguments based on "nature's intentions."

The contradiction, however, goes a lot deeper. As long as the Catholic Church opposed birth control of any and all types it was at least consistent. But since 1932 it has endorsed the Rhythm System. It

is not difficult to understand why this was done — birth control enlightenment was proceeding so fast, as much among Catholics as non-Catholics, that the Church was obliged to offer an expedient compromise. But whatever the reason, it meant that the Catholic hierarchy had in effect *accepted the principle of planned parenthood*. In recommending the Rhythm System while condemning all other types of birth control Catholics today are no longer disputing principles but *methods* — and that, I submit, is a matter that can more properly and competently be decided by medical experts. The highest Catholic authorities, it seems to me, have no more warrant for recommending one as against another birth control procedure than the highest medical authorities have to make pronouncements on religious dogma.

III

The Catholic propaganda always warns that planned parenthood means economic disaster for America through falling birth rates.

To begin with, countries with the greatest birth rates, such as China, India and Russia, have not exactly been the best off economically or culturally. In pre-war Eu-

¹ *Medical and Biological Aspects of Contraception*, by John Rock, M.D., research associate in obstetrics, Harvard University School of Medicine, Boston, 1943.

rope, nations with a declining rate of births, such as Norway, Sweden, Belgium and Switzerland, had higher living standards than others with far higher rates. It is not the number but the quality of the population that seems to be decisive. The denial of birth control guidance affects primarily the great mass of poorer families — the privileged minority finds ready access to it — so that the declining births among the “better” classes which Catholic exhortations on the subject emphasize do not even enter the discussion.

But it happens that the whole issue is mythical. Knowledge of planned parenthood is certainly more widespread today than a decade ago, yet the birth rate in the United States has soared to its highest point in a quarter of a century. Catholic Ireland, where birth control information is outlawed, saw a drop of its birth rate from 22.6 per thousand population in 1911 to 19.1 in 1939. In our country, the only two states which make birth control illegal, Massachusetts and Connecticut, were recently shown to have considerably lower birth rates than neighboring states where married women have the legal right to decide when and how often they should become mothers.

It is possible, perhaps even likely, that another Shakespeare, Napoleon or Lincoln may never have been born because his destined mother postponed a pregnancy — by the Rhythm System or contraceptives. But those alarmed by this thought may console themselves with the compensating thought that the birth of another Ivan the Terrible, Genghis Khan, Hitler or other super-criminal may have been prevented. Some geniuses have come from large families, others have come from small ones or have been only children. This kind of speculation makes good after-dinner conversation but not very good sense.

On a purely statistical basis it would seem a lot more likely that the “skipped” offspring would have been sub-normal rather than geniuses. I shall not rehearse the familiar and ever shocking facts of crime and insanity in our country, except to point out that they run hand-in-hand with over-large families, poverty, neglect, and the psychological horror of children who are “unwanted” because there are too many to be properly cared for. Sheer numbers are scarcely an unmixed blessing when we look at the fact that of the first two million drafted for military service, one million had to be rejected.

But let's cut through the hypocrisies: Catholic economic and political arguments against planned parenthood are merely debating tricks. Their real opposition is theological. Assume that we could demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that birth control was economically and politically desirable for a given country or area — India or one of our Southern States, let us say — would the Catholic Church thereupon withdraw its objections in that area?

To ask the question is to answer it. What is involved is not a dispute on economics or medicine, but simply a campaign to enforce a religious dogma upon the entire nation; a campaign that would prevent the vast majority of American women from obtaining medical information and services which they want.

That they do want it is by now clear enough. The extent to which qualified private physicians and planned parenthood clinics are used holds the practical proof. Every poll on the subject has confirmed it. A poll conducted in 1938 by the *Ladies' Home Journal* disclosed that 79 per cent of our women favored birth control. A *Fortune* poll in 1943 showed that the percentage had increased to 84.9 among women in the child-bearing ages. Other

results of the first poll are significant: 98 per cent of the mothers interviewed were glad they had children, 40 per cent wanted more, the majority felt four to be an ideal number. Clearly American women do not approve birth control because they dislike or fear children and families — but simply because they want women to have the deciding voice as to *when* and *how often*.

And that is the essence of the matter. Individual men and women must make decisions in harmony with their own human dignity. To prevent access to information and guidance on planned parenthood is to deny Americans freedom of choice in the most vital phase of their private lives. It is to condemn them to unrestricted fertility not because they want families of unlimited size but because they do not know how to avoid them. It is to prohibit an honest, dignified, self-respecting choice to the woman who may prefer three or four children to whom she can give the advantages of care and education rather than eight or ten children who would be deprived of these advantages.

A recent Catholic article against planned parenthood said at one point: "Carefully controlled experiments with a large group of

women demonstrated that clinical instruction in birth control was followed by a fertility reduction of 86 per cent."² Whatever the facts about those experiments may be, what is the implication of such a complaint? The implication is that women should be kept ignorant or they may use the newly acquired knowledge! Clinics should be shut down because women will flock there! Ignorance should be enforced by law precisely because American women want the knowledge!

Inadvertently the person who wrote those words provided the clew to the whole issue. That issue is *whether ignorance shall be made obligatory* in our free land. The Catholic Church must not — and I believe cannot — succeed in this because its success would mean the

² *Reader's Digest*, December, 1943.

end of the democratic American way of life.

Speaking both as a physician and a leader in the Planned Parenthood Federation, let me end by stating concisely the objective of our movement. Our aim is the safe birth of physically and mentally normal children, in a number consistent with the wishes and intellectual and social capacities of the parents.

These children, we believe, should be so spaced that they will have the best likelihood for maximum development, and their mothers the best chance of complete physical and emotional convalescence between births. Not even the most conservative critic can say that this is a radical aim. Only dogmatic obscurantism can block the path to its achievement.



Lest We Forget

THE history of Liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it. When we resist, therefore, the concentration of power, we are resisting the processes of death, because concentration of power is what always precedes the destruction of human liberties.

— WOODROW WILSON

FROM A SOUTH PACIFIC NOTEBOOK

BY IRA WOLFERT

THE airplane fights a very good kind of war. If I could choose whether to fight in the air, on the ground or on the sea, it's the air I would pick. For in the air it's over very quickly, one way or the other.

If you're a fighter pilot, you're in it for about three seconds at a time. The decision is made and delivered, the appeal taken, judgment rendered and collected in somewhere between two and a half and three seconds. If you're in a bomber, it takes a little longer — an average of something like ten minutes.

* * *

The biggest battles our warships have fought thus far have all lasted about thirty minutes. One I watched went thirty-one minutes and another went twenty-nine. Two others finished in half an hour on the dot.

Submarines are different. They're in it like the infantry — over their

ears. One of our submarines this summer was depth-bombed for thirty-six hours without intermission. The men sat around listening. Sometimes it was like sitting in a barrel that was being broken into with a sledge hammer. Sometimes it was like sitting in a barrel that was going over Niagara Falls.

Early in the action, the storekeeper broke out the ship's stores and divided all the candy on board equally among officers and men. Nobody saved any. From the old man down, they all decided there was no longer any point in being frugal. "Pogie bait" wasn't something you could take with you.

And what the men remembered most acutely of their sufferings when they returned was thirty days at sea after the attack without any candy.

* * *

According to the infantry, a thirty-six-hour battle is a half-

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holiday. I rather got their attitude when I went into New Georgia with them. We used to lie in holes and take a breather when the airplanes came over. The Japs didn't shoot at us or give us anything to shoot at while the airplanes were in action. The orneriest infantryman will admit the airplane does at least that much.

Almost 300 Jap planes were shot down out of the bowl of air over our heads in the first two weeks in July and the troops had seats on the fifty-yard line. But they weren't very curious. The Japs were throwing at us \$150,000,000 worth of planes, more than \$20,000,000 worth of training in manpower and, say, \$25,000,000 more in bombs and this and that — altogether about a \$200,000,000 ball game — and our air force was up there saying no to them for us. But the troops would just lie there peacefully and listen to the noise.

* * *

All I saw of the whole show those two weeks was one plane burning and a fellow streaking down out of another one under a parachute that had failed to open. The parachute had pulled out of its pack all right and was fluttering high and white over his head, but it lay folded flat and wouldn't billow at all. The wind rippled along the sides of the

flattened parachute and you could see it there, like fingers plucking and pulling. But the parachute wouldn't open and never did open, and all the way down you could see the fellow under it — a Jap he was, I found out later — looking small and black and all huddled up. For what seemed a long minute but what actually could not have been more than a fragment of a second, when the fellow got real close, just before he fell behind the trees, I could see that his head was lifted straight up and he was looking away from the ground and into the parachute. His knees seemed to be pulled up against him as if kneeling and his face was lifted as if in prayer and that's the way he fell into his grave, kneeling in the air and praying there.

* * *

Although we didn't see much of the air fight, we heard a great deal. The soft, muttered put-put of the machine guns and the grind of motors being gunned or diving. The machine guns sound like little puffs of wind dribbling over wetted, blubbery lips. The planes going into their git-or-git-got dives — or, as they say, "making a pass" — sound like metal spears hurtling through a great wind into your ears.

Then, in ten minutes or so, it would be all over and we could hear

the planes pulling out on us, the sound of them seeming actually to go away over the horizon, and the men of the infantry would stir sluggishly and move their tired bones to the position required for prone firing.

"Hey, union! Go home, union!" an infantryman once called after the planes that were going away with flicking tails like horses cake-walking towards the feedbox. The taunt caught on. "Hey, union! The whistle's blown. Don't stick around for overtime."

Everybody would like to fight at least union hours in a war. Yes, the air force has the best of it with a ten-minute war and next comes the navy with its sparkling clean, swept-down fore and aft, pressed and polished, warmly fed, warmly shaved, hotly washed and cozily slept thirty-minute war.

* * *

Or so the infantry is convinced. But the bombers I have flown with flew four hours to their ten-minute war and then four hours home. When the fliers got home, they were tired. Their nerves were beat up and banging in them like worn-out old drums. They were so tired, liquor often had no effect on them. The doctor would dole them out some and they took it obediently, but it didn't relax them at all. It

was just watering a desert with a sprinkler can.

Then the fellows would go to the movies and sit there. It didn't make any difference what the movie was. They'd just sit there listlessly. One time a squadron camp ran out of new movies on Guadalcanal during a prolonged aerial campaign. The men in the squadron could have got a change of bill by moving down the road a ways to another camp, but they didn't. They were too tired.

They just sat listlessly night after night for three nights in front of the same movie — a "B" business called something like *Priorities on Parade*, although there were not many in the audience who could have told you even that much about the picture. There was singing in it and a blonde who had delicately-shaped meat on her bones and floated around like a golden, bosomy, luminous cloud. Everybody just sat there listless and silent and when it was over got up silently and went silently to bed, feeling relaxed enough at last to sleep.

Some said the movies were more restful even than sleep because when you slept you had to do your own dreaming while the movies did the dreaming for you. But even they were quick enough to get into their sacks once they felt they could

sleep. The entertainment that rates highest with the air force at war — begging the pardon of Joe E. Brown, Bob Hope, Martha Raye and all the others — is sleeping time in the sack. The entertainment that comes second — again, begging the USO's pardon — is mail from home.

* * *

Generals are finding it increasingly difficult in this war to die in bed and staff officers are no longer the dandies they once were, but Actually, I have very small reason to butter up the "but." Only General Leonard F. Wing's candy-striped pyjamas hung luridly from his mosquito bar in New Georgia day after day and from his large frame night after night. When I went into his tent to talk with him, I rested my eyes on his pyjamas. They were nice to see, reminders of home.

As for the staff officers, well, one of General Wing's is a Philadelphia society lad who had the forethought to bring an extra pair of gray cotton socks into the jungle. On the eleventh day of the campaign he changed into them. The socks peeped out of his shoe tops with a strange, rare glitter. Above them and below them, he was as muddy as the rest, but wherever he went that day he was followed by shouts

of "Woo-woo" and "Look at the socks!" It was the first pair of clean socks or clean anything anybody had seen in ten days.

* * *

We have a democracy in our army that the fascists, who say they are trying to "democratize" theirs, will not ever achieve.

Just behind the front line one afternoon, General Wing came upon a Boston lad who was lying stomach down on a stretcher awaiting transportation to the rear. "Is there anything I can do to help you?" the general asked, after inquiring into how the boy had won his purple heart. "Yes," the lad said, not in a surly tone but in the frank way of one man to another, "you can put somebody up there who knows how to run a war." The general did not even look startled. "What are they doing wrong?" he asked. "Hell, they're moving too slow," the boy said. "They ought to go in there and bite those Japs in half like this." He thereupon sketched out a whole plan of action. The boy was no military genius, unfortunately for the story. As a matter of fact, he didn't know what he was talking about. When we left, the general said to me, "You know what I like about that boy? His sass."

Occasionally, there is dancing in

the South Pacific. That happens in Numea, New Caledonia, about a thousand miles from the nearest shot fired in anger but as close as they will let the girls get to men at war. And even in Numea only the Marines are brave enough to throw a dance. I found out how brave one has to be when I managed by involved circumstances to corral a quite pretty Tahitian belle and squire her to Camp Goettge. There were two kinds of dances going on — "Tag" and "No Tag" dances, with a large sign on the bandstand to identify each. When the sign read "Tag" one was allowed to cut in. Otherwise, according to the ground rules, your girl was your own for the duration.

Naturally, I waited for the "No Tag" sign to appear. The first thing that happened after that was somebody switched the sign. The next thing, fourteen or sixteen hands descended simultaneously and without marked gentleness upon my shoulders. A large argument then began as to who had tagged me first. Army, Navy and Marines were embroiled in the argument. While they were arguing, others arrived. One put his arm around the girl's waist and began to dance off with her, another took her by one arm, a third took her by her

other arm, a fourth wrestled with the masculine arm around her waist. The last I saw of her was a flash in which her dark, oval, glowing face was poised piteously. Then she disintegrated before my eyes and I have not seen her since and do not expect ever to see her again.

* * *

Soldiers do not waste words in idle talk during a campaign, but one very tired afternoon in the jungles of New Georgia with sporadic shooting going on about us, Major Martin Clemens of the British Solomon Islands defense force and myself chanced upon an odd topic of conversation and bobbled along with it quite a while. I asked him what poppycock notion had induced a man of his intelligence to waste so many of his years as a government administrator in these wretched, pestilential, God-and-man-and-woman-forsaken islands. I reminded him that life in the Solomons, whatever attractions it offered for passing the time, deprived him of the sense of being in the mainstream of the life of our times. "You, my dear major," I remember remarking as cannon grumbled, "are living as an anachronism, although the accident of war does give you the chance of dying like a man of the modern world."

The major did not take his designation as an anachronism quietly. He is a Cambridge man and will become ultimately, barring mischances, a colonel. He tut-tutted brusquely and stated the case for the colonial life as follows:

The beginnings of civilization can be found in the Solomons and, in fact, the growth of man toward the civilization that exists in cities and populated farm lands can be found and studied there. If a man wants to understand civilization thoroughly let him first see its beginnings and its struggles to grow in the Solomons and in other anachronistic lands.

"For instance, the natives were all isolationist here before the war came to them," he said. "The Savo Islander thought of himself as a Savo patriot and not a Guadalcanal patriot. On Malaita Island, the salt water natives regarded the natives in the bush as foreigners and enemies.

"At the beginning of the war, each tried to help the fight for his own island. Now, with the war more than a year old to them, Malaita boys are on Guadalcanal and realize that our success on Guadalcanal saved Malaita. Guadalcanal boys are on New Georgia and realize that success there is necessary to Guadalcanal. Guadal-

canal Firsters have learned their lesson."

* * *

A letter from Lt. (j.g.) Herbert Salzman, once of Norwalk, Connecticut, touches lightly on the difficulties involved in answering a call of nature in the Aleutian Islands. You are lying in bed in six suits of underwear under eight blankets with your luggage piled on top of the blankets, he discloses, when nature calls. You dress under the blankets in three pairs of pants, sweaters, mufflers and light and heavy overcoats. You then shudder shiveringly across yards of icy tundra to the open-faced latrine and begin the task of uncovering yourself as little as possible. At a strategic moment, a williwaw wind blows up. The williwaw is a gust of wind peculiar to the Aleutians and its habit is to blow in all directions at once. As it blows, you discover that you might just as well have stood in bed.

* * *

The British and the Australians of the planter class are very much exercised about the way Americans treat natives. They think our boys are spoiling them by being overly generous and are creating a postwar problem by doing so. Our boys, on the other hand, have no need for money, are not concerned about

postwar problems and cannot get into their heads the fact that clothing they have no use for and rations they cannot eat have any value.

So they throw or give away their battered clothing and excess rations and the planters are convinced that the natives have hoarded a lifetime supply of GI garments and food, as well as more money than they ever dreamed existed.

"There will be no work done in the Solomons by natives," the colonials declare grimly, "until that is all used up."

* * *

War aims among our troops, I know, are a delicate subject. The last time I wrote about the lack of them on Guadalcanal, I was denounced in a leading editorial in

the New York *Times* as some kind of agitator stirring up discontent among our troops. That was last winter when the fighting was hot on Guadalcanal and the only war aim the troops believed in was the one they could see at the end of their gun sights.

But I can write without trepidation about the war aims that have taken hold this summer on Guadalcanal. Now that life is infinitely quieter on the island and there is more time for thought, there is no longer a lack of a war aim. A number of men on Guadalcanal told me with deep conviction they are fighting to make sure that, when the peace is signed, the Japanese get Guadalcanal *and are made to live on it.*



Summing Up

THE main of life is composed of small incidents and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinences which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated; of compliments which glide off the soul like other music, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

OPERA FOR THE MILLIONS

BY ARTHUR BRONSON

ONE of the strangest sights of our times — when a war-torn economy has limited hotel, theater, train and labor accommodations — is the flock of opera companies now touring the land. It is a comparatively new phenomenon. We have had touring opera troupes before, of course. One of the current companies, in fact, the San Carlo Opera Company, has been at it steadily for some thirty years. But what is unusual is the present wholesale quantity of these operatic purveyors, and what is noteworthy is a new style of operatic fare that has been added by some of them, to attract an utterly new kind of audience. Between the two styles, old and new, opera has not only been brought to towns and areas that never had it before, but certain communities have even been encouraged to set up their own opera seasons or festivals. It is an

amazing tribute to an art-form that was once considered high-brow and effete. Opera in America is becoming as familiar as *pie à la mode* and as popular as gin rummy. The signs are unmistakable.

Almost every nook of the country, during last season or this, will have been visited by the San Carlo Opera Company, the Philadelphia-La Scala Opera Company, the Philadelphia Opera Company (a quite distinct group from the preceding), the Charles L. Wagner troupes, the Nine O'Clock Opera Company, or the Salvatore Baccaloni troupe. Lima, Ohio; Greensboro, North Carolina; and La Porte, Indiana, will have had their opera, no less than Boston or St. Paul. College girls from Lansing, Michigan, and canning workers from Raleigh, North Carolina, will have flocked to the revitalized, streamlined type of opera in English done by the Nine O'Clock and Philadelphia Opera companies,

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while their more conservative parents in Cincinnati or Providence will have attended the more traditional presentations of San Carlo and La Scala.

And where only such cities as San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago, outside of New York and Philadelphia, have had regular brief opera seasons of their own in former years, such dissimilar towns as Detroit, Pittsburgh, Dayton, Baltimore, Hartford and Trenton, New Jersey, now also have their own operatic festivals for the first time.

It's a far cry indeed from a couple of decades ago when opera was still something exclusive and exotic. "I had to feed people opera like putting milk down a throat," Fortune Gallo, the bantamweight impresario of the San Carlo Opera, says. "I was a pioneer."

Gallo was making converts to opera right from the start. In his first year as opera impresario, he visited Marion, Ohio, in advance of his company and dropped into a newspaper office to see about his advertisements and publicity. Finished with his job, he invited the shirt-sleeved editor to his performance.

"I don't like opera," said the editor. "I don't understand it. I've never been to one." "Dida you

ever hear Caruso or Schumann-Heink sing?" Gallo asked him. "Sure," said the editor. "Dida they sing in English?" Gallo inquired. The editor saw the point, and promised to attend. And the next time that Gallo came through town, the editor thanked him. "I liked it," he told Gallo. "I'm going again." The editor was Warren Gamaliel Harding.

This fall the San Carlo company put on a fortnight of opera in October at the Broadway Theater in New York City and then was off on its thirty-second annual tour, from Newark to the West Coast, to last through next May. War-time travel restrictions, Gallo says, hold no terrors for San Carlo.

The San Carlo tours have ranged from Bangor to Vancouver and Los Angeles to Jacksonville, the company in its time traveling by stagecoach and river boat as well as by bus and train. They have given performances in town halls as well as theaters, in converted barns, and once even on a rented showboat. The cast has had to sleep sometimes in strange places. Once in Deadwood, North Dakota, because the hotels were filled, they slept in the City Hall; at Stanford University they were put up in the dormitories, and in Austin, Texas, they were "farmed out" to towns-

folk. Gallo says that once on a Canadian stop he even slept in the city morgue!

Another such indomitable Italian-American is Francesco Pelosi, who founded the Philadelphia-La Scala Opera Company in the Quaker City five years ago. Pelosi has been dabbling in grand opera since 1923. His first operatic venture was put on in upstate Scranton in a tent which a windstorm blew away. His second production, that of *Aida* in the old Phillies ball park in Philadelphia, was washed away by a torrent of rain, Pelosi being wiped out in the bargain. But today, after several setbacks, he has a solid company established in Philadelphia, where it gives ten performances from October to May, to capacity houses. He uses Metropolitan Opera artists like Bruno Landi, Hilde Reggiani and Stella Roman for his leads, with reliable singers for support. His repertory is confined largely to the familiar Italian.

II

Last season La Scala tried something new, venturing down to Baltimore during its regular season for four performances. This season they were invited back for four more. Last May La Scala was in-

vited to Pittsburgh for a week's opera festival and gave seven performances in one week to crowded houses. They have been asked to return. This October, prior to their regular home season, La Scala went out to Detroit, and in a vast barn like the 5000 seater Masonic Auditorium, put on eight performances in one week to capacity business, racking up a boxoffice total of \$71,000 for the week, to return home with the astonishing profit of \$20,000. Next fall they will be back. Cleveland, which gets the Metropolitan Opera in the spring (on an exclusive area basis which precludes Pittsburgh and Detroit from also getting it), was so impressed with La Scala's Detroit showing, that it too will have La Scala performances next fall.

Charles L. Wagner, a veteran New York concert manager, four years ago sent out on tour a condensed version of the *Barber of Seville* for a few fall concert dates, using a Metropolitan cast of principals, but with little else in the way of chorus, orchestra or scenery. Two pianos furnished the musical accompaniment. Because of its success, Wagner got up subsequent productions of *Don Pasquale* and *La Bohème*, the operas in four brief seasons playing 200 engagements in seventy-five large and small Amer-

ican cities. This fall, in addition to *Don Pasquale*, Wagner sent out a *Faust* headed by Metropolitan singers Armand Tokatyan, Hilda Burke, Nicola Moscona and Mack Harrell, augmented this time by a large supporting cast and chorus and an orchestra of thirty. *Faust* was given twenty performances in six weeks from Alabama to Arkansas to Pennsylvania. Already in the works for 1944-45 are *Martha* and *Il Trovatore*.

The Metropolitan Opera's comic basso, Salvatore Baccaloni, on finishing his New York stint the last two seasons, toured briefly with a small company doing operatic excerpts. This season Baccaloni has arranged to take out full productions of the *Barber of Seville* and *Don Pasquale* in February, at the end of his Metropolitan commitments. The transcontinental tour, with a cast of twenty-five, complete sets and costumes, was originally set for February and March, but a deluge of requests has forced an extension of the tour through April and May.

The type of opera that San Carlo and La Scala (and to a similar degree, the Wagner and Baccaloni troupes as well) give, is of one style — conventional, stodgy and "old-hat." The stress is on *bel canto*, on singing, to the neglect of such

minor considerations as acting, verisimilitude, or dramatic conviction. But because the voices are good, and the opera librettos in themselves gory or dramatic, the productions have always appealed to a certain old-fashioned type of public which ignores a plushy, stolid routine for the sake of a well-sung aria.

The work of organizations like the Nine O'Clock and Philadelphia Opera Companies has attracted another sort of music-lover altogether. For the past two seasons both companies have been touring the country with their lively conception of opera — a streamlined, modern style that stresses staging and acting as well as singing, and that introduces as its artists young, attractive, home-bred Americans. The presentations, all in English, have been good theater as well as good music, and a new type of audience, borrowed largely from the movies, sewing circles and business clubs, has been won to them. In their native city, the Philadelphia Opera Company puts on drives to interest high school and college groups, and office and industrial workers, in their performances. This season, after a fortnight of presentations at home, the Philadelphians are on tour to eighty-one cities in the United

States and Canada, for over 100 performances of *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Bat*, *Faust*, *Iolanthe* and others.

The Nine O'Clock Opera Company, a group of engaging young singers from New York's Juilliard School, has toured two seasons with a condensed, streamlined English version of *The Marriage of Figaro* for over 150 performances. This season they added a version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and will do fifty dates with both works on a coast-to-coast jaunt.

Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* (*The Bat*), which Broadway has enjoyed for a year as *Rosalinda*, seems to be a popular opera for modern presentations. A version under the title of *The Rose Masque*, with two Metropolitan singers, Marita Farrell and John Garriss, in the leads, was a big hit on the coast this fall, with a seven-week run in San Francisco and Los Angeles. St. Paul had an English version of *The Bat* in October, staged by a New York tenor named Morton Bowe, which packed the 2800-seater Auditorium for three nights and made local history — the first opera there to make expenses.

San Francisco, in its twenty-first season of grand opera this fall with Metropolitan singers like Pons,

Pinza, Thomas, Thorborg and Peerce, had its finest season to date, with no less than seventeen performances in three weeks. The company also visited Sacramento twice, and Los Angeles for five performances.

Dayton, Ohio, which first gave a series of five operas in April 1943, built around a nucleus of Metropolitan singers like Sayao, Peerce and Weede, found it so successful that a second festival of eight productions was given the following September. War workers, service men, and office workers mingled with top-hats. Hartford, Connecticut, which started two years ago with two opera performances, this season gave six. The Trenton (N. J.) Opera Association, formed three years ago, now gives four operas a season, using its own orchestra and chorus, with visiting "names" as leads.

Add to these bald statistics, Mayor LaGuardia's plans for opera at New York's Civic Center; the talk about a supplementary Metropolitan Opera Company as a touring unit; the plans of the New Opera Company for a touring company of *The Merry Widow*, and you have an idea of opera's new appeal for Americans. An awakened public has found it very easy to take.

Agriculture

KNOW YOUR SOYBEANS

By ROSS L. HOLMAN

THE humble soybean, unknown to Americans as recently as twenty-five years ago except as an insignificant hay crop, has emerged as a kind of agricultural hero of this war. You might as well learn something about it now because it will be inescapable in the years ahead. In one form or another you will be eating it, wearing it, riding in it, using it in endless processes and in endless substitutions. Already the tiny soybean ranks fourth among the country's grain crops, our output amounting to 200 million bushels, or one-third the world's annual soybean crop.

What explains the soybean's heroic stature is an extraordinary versatility that has made it the Number One stop-gap in a time of critical shortages. Not only is it the most concentrated natural food known, but also among the most vital raw materials in modern industry.

As a food, it can take the place of meat, eggs, butter, milk, oils and many vegetables. Soy flour can

help heighten the nutrition value of cocoa, ice cream, macaroni, mayonnaise, soups and any number of other staples. Used as a raw material in industry, the soybean can provide us with automobile bodies, steering-wheels, paints, buttons, rubber, candles, linoleum and explosives. Spun into fiber, it makes excellent wool for clothing. And its future uses as a plastic will include clocks, chairs, houses, fountain pens and virtually all the other synthetic industrial products devised by modern chemistry. This variegated usefulness is matched by the ease and economy with which soybeans can be grown. They can be planted anywhere, in any climate, at any time. They will grow even without sunlight in a jar of chlorinated water placed in your kitchen or back porch, where the dried beans, within three to five days, will produce highly nutritious sprouts an inch or more in length.

Although the soybean was a food staple in China 5000 years ago, we did not discover its unique values until the last war. Since then,

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chemists have announced that the soybean contains more vitamins, proteins and minerals than any other single food product. It contains generous amounts of phosphorus, iron, copper, magnesium, potassium and sodium, and twice as much calcium as milk. Half a pound of soyflour, which normally costs two and one half cents, will provide as much protein as a fifty-cent pound of beef. According to one authority, a well-balanced diet could be made up of soycakes and milk at less than two cents a day.

Food manufacturers are making extensive use of these nutrition values to meet present war shortages. Soy flour is now mixed with bread, cereals, doughnuts and cakes. Oil extracted from the bean is made into margarine, and in its pure form has helped replace the imported oils and fats lost to us when the Japanese overran Malaya and the Netherlands' Indies. Soy sausages, which are 25 per cent cheaper than those made from pork, are an important item in our lend-lease supplies to Great Britain. The beans are made into several other kinds of "meat" products which yield more food value at far less cost than the meats for which they are substituting. Soybeans are even providing us with

a highly nutritious milk. In many places it is preferred to cow's milk for infants, and can be furnished at one-tenth the cost.

Future development of the soybean is doubly assured by its extreme value as a substitute for numerous raw materials. Scientists have devised a method of making a soy fiber which can be manufactured into a cheaper textile than any yet produced in America. The method was perfected by Robert Boyer, Henry Ford's crack engineer at Highland Park, and yields a wool which costs less than half as much as sheep's wool. The yarn is processed from soy meal protein after it is separated from the oil. Ford's pilot plant, which produced 1,000 pounds of soy fiber daily, went into production several months ago, and other firms are also producing this textile. According to Boyer, two acres of land when used for sheep grazing will produce eight to ten pounds of wool a year. The same acres planted to soybeans will produce 400 pounds of protein suitable for fiber.

Ford's chief use of this wonder bean, however, has been in the manufacture of automobiles. An enormous quantity of soybeans has gone into the making of Ford steering wheels, horn buttons, instrument boards and lubricating

oils. The climax came in 1941 when the Ford assembly line turned out an all-plastic body made of soybeans mixed with a few other farm products. This plastic car is 1000 pounds lighter than a similar all-steel model. It is scratch-proof, dent-proof, and has a color that will never fade.

Commercial production of this automobile is out for the duration. But the soybean process has been carried over into the manufacture of lightweight plastic sheets for army jeeps and fighter planes. After the war, soybean cars may well revolutionize the commercial market.

Recent developments have also brought soybeans to the front as a source of synthetic rubber. The Reichholds Chemical Company several months ago announced that soy rubber is now being manufactured in substantial quantities to supplement the country's future stockpile.

Soybeans have found another wide commercial use in the manufacture of paints. At the University of Illinois laboratory, thirty-six varieties of paints and varnishes have been processed, using only soybeans for their oil content. The resistance of these paints to acid, water and alkali is very great, and their aging quality excellent.

Already used in hundreds of ways, soybean plastics seem destined for unlimited scope in the postwar era. Before the war, more than fifty factories were turning out soy products. These included vegetable caseins, insecticides, printer's ink, waterproof materials and medicinal substances. Soy plastics are taking the place of steel, copper, aluminum and many other metals, and chemists are now trying to substitute them for tin in cans.

The phenomenal development of this grain is one phase in the farm chemurgy movement of the past few years. Farm "chemurgy" may be defined as the manufacture of agricultural crops into industrial products through chemical processes. This is an organized movement to promote new markets for surplus farm crops. It was started eight years ago under the direction of the National Farm Chemurgic Council, and since then practically every product and by-product of the American farm has been run through test-tube experiments. Thousands of commodities have been examined in this way, but the soybean has consistently led the parade. It will probably be the world's most important raw material when our normal way of life has returned.

WHAT AMERICAN LABOR WANTS

By ELMO ROPER

THERE is always the risk of oversimplification in discussing the opinions of any major group in our population. We know that there are enormous variations within every group. American labor differs by region, racial origins, the extent of unionization and other factors. Nevertheless, in ten years of sampling the opinions of workmen — organized and unorganized, in all parts of the country and in all income brackets — we have discovered some remarkable common denominators of opinion. These enable us, in general terms, to answer the question: "What does American labor want?" It is a crucial question. Until we know better what these men and women *as individuals* want, there can be little hope of intelligent labor-management relations.

The material for analysis is, if anything, too ample. Many hundreds of questions have been an-

swered by thousands of workers on wages, hours, working conditions, seniority, compulsory union membership, paid vacations, pensions, foremen, democracy, socialism, communism, ambitions, frustrations; and on scores of subjects seemingly unrelated to specific problems of labor. Individual answers are illuminating and many of them stir one's pride in the fundamental soundness of the American people. But a recital of individual answers to specific questions would be more confusing than helpful.

In an effort to determine whether these myriad responses to countless questions form some basic pattern, I have just reexamined the entire material. I find that a pattern does emerge. It is possible to group hundreds of answers under a few general headings. They lend themselves to reasonably accurate summing-up.

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From the answers to a great variety of questions we have been asking almost continuously since 1933, it is fair to assert that the American workman wants, first of all, *security*. In using the word, however, I do not mean government-sponsored security. The right to work continuously at reasonably good wages would come closest to a definition of the security envisaged. Ownership of their own homes, possession of life insurance and savings accounts are other forms of security desired. Workers want the security for themselves, and especially for their children, that is implied by better education and other steppingstones to larger and more secure incomes. They are not against pensions, from their employers, the government or both, but these are secondary, additional guarantees, as compared with the others listed.

Three times as many workmen believe that guaranteed annual wages are "important" as those who believe that a voice for labor in management is "important." For a company to have a retirement and pension plan is regarded as important by twice as many as consider vacations with pay important. "Steady employment" is a paramount consideration to ten times as many workers as is high

pay, and to twenty-five times as many as is "short hours." A majority believes that the government should see to it that every man who wants to work and is able to work should have a job, *unless private industry can assure that*.

The security which appears as the first and foremost demand of American labor is not tied to any official scheme. It is a broad and comprehensive demand. The average American worker seems perfectly willing to buy his own security, without help from employer or the state, provided only that he has steady work at decent wages.

The second demand of labor is a chance to advance — just the good old American chance to get on in the world, to go from one job to the next higher job. Twice as many factory workers rate an opportunity for promotion as important as those that want to safeguard seniority rights; there are four times as many who want that chance to rise as there are who want compulsory union membership.

This over-all desire for advancement shows itself in a great variety of ways. It is implicit in the average worker's desire to preserve a democratic capitalism, where in peacetime there is no limit on what a man may earn. It shows itself in an

eagerness to rise from ordinary laborer to semi-skilled to skilled worker, to foreman, and even to president. There is no class humility in the expressions of ambition that appear all through the mountain of answers.

In many places where it is the custom of companies to bring in graduates from technical schools to take over jobs that would some day become key jobs, we find a certain resentment among older men who have bumped their heads on the ladder of progress for lack of technical preparation. There is understanding of the company's problem and an admission that they are not themselves qualified for the jobs in question. All the same there is a vague feeling of injustice, backed in many cases by the suggestion that their sons, at least, be given the technical training for rising to the top. In this connection it would not be surprising if industry seriously considered the idea of educating its employes and their children. Some day we may see a Bethlehem Steel Department in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In the list of things desired by the vast majority of American labor, the third is rather an intangible one, but extremely important notwithstanding. It shows up in dozens

of specific complaints and demands, all of which may be summed up under the general head of "being treated like human beings."

It is manifest in an insistence that their fellow-citizens, and particularly their employers and managers, recognize that workers, too, have daily lives, personal problems, temptations, ambitions, loves and hates. The forms that this inner feeling takes often seem trivial: a desire for toilets as clean as the boss's, a decent period for eating lunch, foremen who don't swear at their men, a friendliness in the plant that preserves the identity of Jim or Charley and doesn't turn him into number 3098 on a cold-blooded payroll. Though hard to describe, and impossible to put into statistical terms, this desire to "be treated like people" is real and deeply human.

II

Fourth on the list is a desire for simple, genuine human dignity. At first blush this might seem to belong in the preceding category, but there is a vital difference that merits separate consideration. This desire for human dignity, summed up, means that most workers want to feel that they are personally performing credibly in a job which

contributes something to the aggregate of human security, advancement or happiness.

Some people get this feeling by being presidents of universities, senators, the best copy writers in an advertising office, the editor of an important paper, etc. Some get it by being known as garage mechanics who can fix things in any motor car better than anyone else in town. It is a wish for dignity only remotely related to the gregarious demand to "be treated like people." It is an inner thing, something in the depths of man's nature, urging that the individual do something "worth while." It shows up in endless ways — in the fact, for instance, that 70 per cent of American workers say they feel a definite obligation to pass something on to the next generation. Usually they are able to name some tangible thing which they feel called upon to transmit to posterity, showing clearly that it is more than a pious expression.

Many observers have recently commented on the contrast between the young men now serving in our armed forces and equivalent groups of young men ten years ago. It is pointed out that they hold their heads higher, are more sure of themselves, have some feeling of where they are going. There is

among them no sense of being a "lost generation" such as the depression generation came perilously close to being. The reason is that the boys today have an awareness of being needed by the world, of something vital to do, and this alone gives them an inner dignity. It shines out of their very countenances. And that precisely is what so many American workers lack and wish for in their own lives — a feeling of importance that justifies them in their own eyes.

Having set down these four great basic desires of the people in America who work for a living, there seems very little left that cannot properly be included in one of these groupings. They transcend many of the things which have caused, or have seemed to cause, strikes and other troubles in the past decade: seniority rights, vacations with pay, participation in management, and even the right to unionize. To the extent that these four cardinal human desires can be met, the real causes for strife will be minimized.

The four desires are not in any sense mutually exclusive. I mean that not one of them needs to be enhanced at the expense of another. Yet it should be pointed out that in order to have some of each, the average workman seems willing to give up some of each.

If he were offered a package that contained 100 per cent security and nothing else he would of course accept it. But he would accept even more cheerfully a package which contained only 75 per cent security but a 25 per cent increase in the chance to advance. He would prefer an even more balanced package, which contained only 50 per cent security, 25 per cent chance to advance, and a 25 per cent increase in "being treated like people." The most desirable package, of course, would be one that offered 100 per cent of all of labor's clearly expressed desires, but the American workman wants other things seriously enough to give up some of the 100 per cent security in the original package to obtain them.

While the provision of postwar security for workers is the chief problem, we should be short-

sighted if we devoted all attention exclusively to that. We must also turn our thinking and planning to equitable opportunities for advancement from one level to another. We must rid ourselves of the last vestige of the feeling that labor is an inert, impersonal commodity and meet labor's demand for recognition as human beings, not as numbers on a payroll. Probably the toughest job facing the industrial world, committed to large corporations and mass production, is to find ways and means of letting men honestly feel that from their everyday job they can derive that degree of human dignity which is the surest support of a democratic society.

In describing what labor wants perhaps I have only been describing what everyone, everywhere, wants.



The Middle Class

THERE are three classes of citizens. The first are the rich, who are indolent and yet always crave more. The second are the poor, who have nothing, are full of envy, hate the rich, and are easily led by demagogues. Between the two extremes lie those who make the state secure and uphold the laws.

— EURIPIDES: *The Suppliant Women*.

CAMPUS REVOLUTION AT YALE

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

THE "Campus Revolution" began at Yale with what local newspapers described as a "riot" on December 7, 1942. Radio reports of Pearl Harbor acted as incendiary bombs and exploded into student demonstrations and oratory. The "riot" was followed by mass enlistments, but a lot of those enlistments didn't take. By the time the boys had written home for their birth certificates, "Washington was telling us to enlist in the reserves and win the war by getting high marks."

The period which followed was difficult and jittery. It was characterized by directives and counter-directives from Washington and a lot of oratory on the liberal arts. It was a tough period to take, tough for the student, tough for the faculty, and tough even, I suspect, for the "Washington bureaucrat."

For better or worse, the epoch came to an end when the Navy

created its new V-12 program and the Army chose some two hundred colleges for the specialized training of over a hundred thousand men. It's too early to appraise the long-term effect of the military revolution on American education. It's not too soon to tell what it feels like or to look over the main points of acute impact on our traditional college system.

The rough exterior of the revolution in New Haven, at least, is noisy, colorful, and exhilarating. Men in green, tan, and navy blue uniforms march and counter-march at all hours across Yale's campuses, singing everything from the *Air Corps Song* to *Alouette* at the top of their lungs. Yale's student population has jumped from around 5000 to 8000. Of these, between 6000 and 7000 are in uniform. It has been estimated that it costs an officer eighty-nine salutes to pass

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the Sterling Library at noon-day. Every gate leading to the "Old Campus" — heart of historic Yale — is now guarded by a sentry. "Not even if you're President Seymour" will he let you by without a pass.

The Sterling Memorial Library has a bomb spotters' catwalk on the roof. Connecticut Hall — *aedificatus 1752* and with the statue of Nathan Hale in front of it — is now a dispensary for the Air Corps. And into that symbol of muscular man, the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, go 1000 trainees every hour on the hour every day. Inside, Bob Kiputh is building muscles for victory over Hitler, not Harvard. Men have been sent here to study under the elms and the ivy from 100-odd colleges and from every state in the Union. The most famous reply to the question, "And how do you like it here at Yale?", was made last summer by a sentry to a benevolent Yale professor: "I come from Harvard," said he, "and I didn't join the Army, — — — it, to guard the 'Old Yale Campus'!"

The life of trainees is meticulously regulated by whistles and bugles. A loud speaker, strung between the two wings of Berkeley College, summons men to assembly and retreat on the cross-campus. Leisurely eating habits are out for

the duration. Not only soldiers and sailors, but Masters and Fellows of colleges, stand in line and get their chow on compartmental steel trays. Trainees sleep in double deckers — six in a suite instead of two — and are allotted half a desk apiece to study on. Reveille at 6:40, lights out at 10:30; in between, a day densely packed with lectures, study, laboratory, exercise, drill, and sport.

Is this an educational revolution or temporary military encirclement? Will certain changes endure, or will they all melt under the blazing sun of normalcy on "D" day?

Of course, it's too soon for serious judgment of long-term effects, but I'm willing to take a star gazer's chance and predict that the Army and Navy program has already made several permanent contributions to the American system of education. Some are contributions — certain liberal educators to the contrary — to a *liberal* education. For example, one of them is the new emphasis on geography as an adult and important curriculum offering, geography, either plain or richly mixed with economics and strategy. The average college searched its faculty in vain for a literate, not to mention learned, geographer when the Army directives fell on

them from Washington. Since then, our higher institutions of learning have become better staffed. Properly taught both now and in the future, geography cannot only help us to navigate our planes, but do a lot to leaven and liberalize our national egotism, and prevent a post-war recurrence of isolationism.

A thousand Yale College graduates, six months after Pearl Harbor, wrote their Alma Mater saying the greatest mistake they had made as students was not to take enough math. The new emphasis on mathematics will stick. Like the need for geographical literacy, it reflects more than a V-12 or A-12 military requirement. Mathematics is an all-service tool, but it is also the only *language* in which certain truths about the structure of the physical universe can be written. At least 75 per cent of our liberal arts college graduates are illiterate in that language.

II

Unfortunately, a lot of the effectiveness of the AST (Army Specialized Training) and the V-12 program both as basic education and as basic military training has been lost because so many of the trainees have been sent to college ill prepared.

A batch of ASTP students, for example, arrived at Yale last summer and were expected quickly to review all math up to calculus. "But how," one boy asked me, "can you review algebra when you've never had it?" A college president was asked what he thought of the first quota of trainees sent him under the new military programs last spring. He answered: "They're splendid — fine physical specimens, of good moral character, and high native intelligence. The only criticism my faculty have to make," he added, "is that they cannot read and write, add, subtract, multiply, or divide." This is an exaggeration of an important truth.

But turning from the general to the particular: Just what are the ASTP and V-12 boys taught at Yale during their brief bivouac on a college campus? Well, the course Yale gives V-12 freshmen is pretty close to our regular freshman year: mathematics, English, history, science, plus Naval Organization — how to tell a cop from an admiral, etc. But after freshman year, the V-12 program is an all-purpose cornucopia. It includes not only training for deck and Marine line officers, but courses suitable for producing — in the shortest possible time — Naval engineers, doctors, and chaplains.

And the ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program)? That program, administered in three twelve-week terms is a concentrated *table d'hôte* of mathematics, physics, and chemistry. English (mainly how to speak and write plain English), history (some acquaintance with the institutions we're fighting for), geography, and engineering drawing in the third term. The program calls for twenty-four classroom hours a week and puts twice as much of the students' time into math and science as into the liberal subjects, which is perfectly in line with the Army's purpose of preparing mainly for pre-medical and engineering studies. The War Department has never made any bones about the fact that they are not using the colleges to give a liberal education or to develop officers as such, but to train specialists.

The quantity, as well as the quality, of education allowed in either program varies a lot. For instance, if you're an advanced engineering student in the Navy, you may stay at Yale for eight terms — three academic years. If you're training to be a deck officer (and enter as a V-12 freshman) you'll get four terms; as a naval aviator, only two before you leave for pre-flight training. Foreign Area

ASTP students get no more than thirty-six weeks.

The question is often asked: Have all liberal arts courses, except the most elementary, been liquidated? They have not. A moratorium has been declared upon a good many, but others flourish and find takers. NROTC candidates, for example, who were taking liberal arts majors before the V-12 program was created, are now permitted to finish their majors in history, English, anthropology, or what have you. Chauncey Tinker is still giving his famous course in "The Age of Johnson" this year to men who are about to graduate as ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve.

From a purely educational standpoint, "acceleration" is probably the worst feature of both programs — but the Army's suffers most. A whole sheaf of legends has collected around it. There is the story of the Army trainee who looked out the window in a mathematics refresher course, and when he looked back, found he'd missed trigonometry. There's the V-12 student who took a walk to East Rock. When he returned an hour and a half later, he was told by his Dean he'd missed sophomore year.

Almost as one man, the faculty feel that over-speeding is not only

squeezing them dry, but squeezing most of the cultural juice even out of the liberal side of the curriculum. They grant, of course, the war's necessity, but joyously predict the colleges will snap back to four years the moment the pressure is lifted. Some also are prophesying that liberal arts courses, far from having been killed by the war, will when peace comes attract more students than ever. The rationing they have suffered from will make them as popular among the American people as beefsteak and frigidares.

III

What has happened to college life? That question is an interesting one at Yale, where the undergraduate's devotion to his extra-curricular "career" has long provoked envy or sophisticated scorn. Where are the perennial Yale "heelers" of the *News*, the *Lit*, Dramat, Glee Club, and all the rest? They're in foxholes or submarines or in the ASTP or V-12. BMOC's (Big Men on Campus) are nostalgic memories. Symbolic is the fact that the "Britton Haddon Building," home of the "Oldest College Daily," is now V-12 headquarters. And the fraternities? They lead a sort of shadowy, skeletal existence, taking a few

trainees out of the V-12 program. Symbolic is the sign "ASTP Headquarters" on the DKE house.

The U. S. Navy permits a V-12 trainee to engage in "undergraduate activities," join a club, play on a varsity team, providing he's in good standing both with his Navy Commander and his civilian Dean. The Army won't let its trainees play on varsity teams or join a student fraternity. It does let them participate, however, in intramural athletics. Practically, either for a pfc. (private first class), or an apprentice seaman or Marine Corps trainee, there's little time or opportunity to absorb the flavor of pre-war Yale. With one interesting exception.

Total war has strengthened rather than weakened what is known to Yale men as "the college system." Ten years ago, ten separate "colleges" were established at Yale in order to preserve "some of the advantages of the small college" in the midst of a large and impersonal university. In peace times, they consisted of around 250 to 300 students — drawn from the sophomore, junior and senior classes — together with "masters and fellows." Each college has its own dining hall, common room, library, its own football, soccer, and baseball teams.

Today, whatever of the flavor

of pre-Pearl Harbor Yale seeps between the close fitting joints of the accelerated military programs derives from the college system. The Master is the official friend, counselor, and Dutch Uncle of the trainees. Together with the Fellows, he eats with, talks with, and even helps to tutor the Army and Navy men in his college. And when the military pressure permits, he sandwiches in a party.

As for athletics, intramural sports have never been so popular at Yale as since the Army and Navy took them over. Calhoun is an Army college. Its football team last fall so Calhouners say, could have wiped up the Bowl with the Varsity. Calhoun's first-string eleven boasted former football players from Michigan, Ohio State, Washington, etc. They included one Rose Bowl player and the star freshman, Victor Tataranowicz of Notre Dame.

The formal military side of the revolution on the campus hits you in the eye. It's easy enough to see and to sense it. On the other hand, there is another internal social and moral transformation going on which is harder to grasp or interpret.

The Army and Navy program is picking up a coal miner from Pennsylvania, a cowhand from Texas,

a soda jerker from Newark, a banker's son from Detroit, shoving them all into the same classroom, paying each \$50 a month while they "go to college." Boys from the East are going to Western universities, boys from the West to Eastern ones. At Yale there is an old tradition of drawing students from all parts of the country and many walks of life, but the war has infinitely expanded and accelerated that tradition. It's also given the all-American urge of some universities a new dimension. For example, men who would never have gone to college at all, save for the war, are now at every leading American university. And men from nearly every college have been transferred to every other. At Yale, for example, are undergraduates formerly of Dartmouth, Pomona, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Carnegie Tech, Oregon, Michigan, Duke, Harvard, Notre Dame, and scores of others.

The war is tending to make many of our colleges more all-American in a social, not gridiron, sense, but it is also to some extent giving a global flavor to an American education. The trainees at Yale, for example, include Chinese, Polish, Dutch, and Free French students. No one can live through these days on a college campus

without himself becoming a part of a unique educational experience. A Fellow of one of the colleges stood beside me on the cross-campus the other day. We were watching a company of ASTP students who had just been ordered away and were marching to the railroad station with their duffle bags. "I hope they come back after the war," he remarked, "to finish up their education *and ours*."



TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PASS

BY LESTER EWING

IN this hour I have felt
The cruel fact of time,
As absolute, as palpable,
As chilling to the flesh
As steel.
A thing so real
The eye must turn away
When it has looked upon
The edged structure of a moment,
The throat be torn with half a scream
When the clutching hand,
Grasping at a phantom instant,
Touches a real thing,
Closes hard upon a substance,
And feels the awful shape of Time.

This too is an agony;
Each kiss so fierce
The heart recoils against it,
And each caress
Possessed of all the savage strength
Of a last embrace.
There is such a little time for tenderness
That tenderness itself
Must be as hard and pointed as desire
In such time as is left us.



The doctor talks to Mrs. Roberts about Rheumatic Fever

THE DOCTOR says Jimmy has rheumatic fever. The boy's anxious mother wants to know all about this illness... the most serious disease of childhood years.

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Mrs. R.: Is rheumatic fever catching, doctor?

Doctor: No, it isn't catching like measles or chicken-pox, but it seems to run in families. We don't know the exact cause,

but children between the ages of 5 and 15 are its chief victims.

The great danger lies in the damage it can do to the heart. Fortunately nowadays the majority of children who receive good medical care are leading normal, useful lives.

Mrs. R.: But I didn't notice any unusual symptoms!

Doctor: That's just the danger! Early rheumatic fever symptoms are sometimes very slight—a sore throat, a slight fever, nosebleed, poor appetite . . . perhaps rapid heart action and fleeting pains in muscles and joints. Any of these may or may not mean the beginning of rheumatic fever.

Mrs. R.: How long will Jimmy have to stay in bed?

Doctor: As long as the disease is active. He may be up in a few weeks, but I have known cases to last for a year or more. The only way to lessen the possibility of damage to Jimmy's heart is *complete rest in bed* until all symptoms and signs disappear.

Mrs. R.: How active can he be when he is able to get up?

Doctor: Children can usually resume normal activity gradually. I don't know why Jimmy should be an exception. Of course, I will want to examine him at regular intervals, even though he appears well.

Mrs. R.: Is he likely to have another attack?

Doctor: It's very possible. In fact, this attack shows Jimmy is susceptible to the disease. You can help prevent recurrence by keeping his general health at a high

level. He will need to eat well, dress warmly, and get lots of sleep. And since sore throats, colds, and other respiratory infections frequently precede an attack, you must take *extra* precautions against them. *Protect him from others who have colds!* If he gets a cold, put him to bed immediately . . . and let me know.

Doctors hope that it will not be long before there are surer ways to prevent recurrences. Medical experiments are now being made with small, regular doses of certain drugs for this purpose. These drugs seem to show great promise, but should be used only under the direction of a physician.

For additional information about rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 24-L, entitled, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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► *Background of a fateful
Balkan civil struggle.*

THE RIDDLE OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY LEON DENNEN

A CIVIL war is now under way in the tortured, bleeding, poverty-ridden Kingdom of Southern Slavs — Yugoslavia — between the Chetnik guerilla forces of General Draja Mihailovich and the Partisans of Marshal Josef Broz, the communist leader popularly known as Tito. Tragic in itself, the struggle is alarming as a portent of what can be expected in Poland, Greece and other Balkan and East European countries. An understanding of Yugoslavia is vital for Americans because its struggle is a symptom of deeper cleavages throughout Europe.

What is the truth about Mihailovich — the man not so long ago glorified in the American press and in Hollywood as a very symbol of resistance to the Nazis? Is he, as Tito's spokesmen here claim, merely a reactionary monarchist and even a friend of the Nazis, or is he, as millions of Yugoslavs

believe, one of those legendary Balkan hero-liberators?

And what is the truth about Tito, the former Croatian metal worker? That he is the general secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party, at one time a volunteer in the ranks of the Russian Red Army, is not disputed. But is he merely one of Stalin's agents in plans to make the Balkans a Russian "sphere of influence," or is he, as communists and some liberals assert, a symbol of new social revolutionary forces released by the war and stirring everywhere?

These questions are easier asked than answered. Unclear to start with, the issues are further obscured by the fact that Tito's cause has been promoted in the United States by groups of well-placed communists and by pro-Soviet propagandists like Louis Adamic who have succeeded in "selling" Tito to portions of our Office of War

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Information, Office of Strategic Services and part of the uninitiated public. Tito also has at his disposal the "Free Yugoslav" radio station located at Tiflis, Russia, and the whole Soviet propaganda machine throughout the world. All of which has given him an overwhelming publicity advantage over General Mihailovich.

Nevertheless, out of the maze of conflicting and often invented information, those intimately acquainted with the Balkan facts are able to arrive at a semblance of truth.

II

Yugoslavia, made up in the main of about 8,000,000 Serbs, 3,500,000 Croats and 1,500,000 Slovenes is one of those hasty creations hammered together by the Treaty of Versailles. Almost from the day of its birth there arose bitter enmities between the majority Serbs and the minority Croats.

The two peoples belong almost to different civilizations. The Serbs are of the Greek Orthodox faith; the Croats, like the Slovenes, are Roman Catholics. The Serbs are a typical Balkan people — dour, brave, uncompromising. Unlike the Croats and Slovenes who had lived for many generations under Aus-

tro-Hungarian subjection, the Serbs had their spirit of independence and national unity hardened in long and bloody struggles against Turkish rule and in the two Balkan Wars.

During the last war, of all the Balkan peoples, the Serbs alone fought to the end on the side of the Allies. For nearly two years little Serbia barred Germany's path to the Middle East, at a fearful price in suffering and casualties.

The Croats, as subjects of the Hapsburgs, took on some of the polish and urbanity of the Dual Empire and have always regarded themselves as more "European" than the Serbs. For more than two decades they justly fought against "Serbization" by the numerically superior Serbs. It was natural that the Croats in particular should resent the dictatorship of the late King Alexander, exercised from the Serbian capital of Belgrade and administered largely by Serbians, and regard it as a Serb institution. Alexander was assassinated in Paris by agents of Ante Pavelich, leader of the Croatian pro-Nazi terrorist organization called *Ustashi*. Subsequently, by the grace of the Nazis, Pavelich became the head of an independent Croatian state which joined the Axis and declared war on the U.S.A. and Great Britain.

The supreme test for Yugoslavia came on March 25, 1941. On that day the pro-German government of Regent Prince Paul joined the Axis Three Power Pact. The Serbian people were passionately opposed to this move. *Encouraged by Great Britain and the United States*, the Yugoslav Army under the Serbian General Simovich carried out a *coup d'etat* on the morning of March 27. Prince Paul was deposed, the pro-German government overthrown and King Peter, who was then seventeen years old, ascended the throne. The Yugoslav government-in-exile under Peter, formerly in London and now in Cairo, was thus born in an anti-Axis revolt with Anglo-American support and guarantees.

It is a historic fact that the Croats did not join this national revolt. Louis Adamic, himself a Slovene and violently pro-Croat, admits in his recent book, *My Native Land*, that the collapse of Yugoslavia was probably "not a wholly unwelcome occurrence" to many of the Croats and Slovenes who are today leading Tito's Partisans. Partisan sympathizers admit that "tens of thousands" of Serbs have been killed by Croats since Hitler overran the region, and some estimates put the figure at hundreds of thousands.

It was from communists, dissident Croat *Ustashi* groups, guerilla bands roaming the countryside, and Catholics who despise the Greek Orthodox Serbs that the Partisan movement was born. Tito later assumed leadership of this movement upon direct orders from the All-Slav Committee organized in Moscow. As Leigh White, an American correspondent who spent the crucial months of 1941-42 in the Balkans recently put it: "For my part I find it difficult to forget that Croatian communists, like their comrades in France, refused to fight for their country until the Germans invaded Russia."

III

As a summary of the fratricidal war now going on it would be enough to say that General Mihailovich is a Serb and a legitimist while Marshal Tito is a Croat and communist. But the picture is far more complex. The Balkans have always been, and remain today, a pawn in the hands of the Great Powers.

Great Britain needs to dominate the Balkans to protect Mediterranean communications with Egypt and the Near East. Russia has always coveted the Balkans as a means of controlling the Dardanelles and bolstering its influence

in Eastern and Central Europe. Stalin has merely followed the historic Russian pattern in setting up the All-Slav Committee, with headquarters in Moscow and branches in the United States, Canada, South America and other countries.

On March 27, 1941, millions of Serbians, defying the victorious Nazi war machine, and without the remotest hope of aid, declared war on Germany. Winston Churchill stated in the House of Commons at the time that "the Yugoslav nation has found its soul." Hitler took a terrible revenge. At dawn on April 6, 1941, he launched an attack that made shambles of Yugoslavia's cities, towns and valleys. His Hungarian, Italian, Bulgarian and Croatian satellites joined in an orgy of murder. After twenty-one days, the country lay inert, broken, apparently dead in the European world.

Then, suddenly and dramatically, the name of Draja Mihailovich and the deeds of his Chetniks thrilled the anti-Axis world. When Mihailovich, after the Nazi invasion, retired to the mountains of Montenegro to organize his guerilla forces, he was only an obscure officer in the Yugoslav Army. The government-in-exile in London knew little about him. At first the

whole idea of guerilla resistance seemed fantastic. The Germans regarded it as irresponsible romanticism — very Balkan, picturesque, but futile. But by June, 1941, they changed their minds. Engagements involving thousands of men on each side took place between Axis troops and Chetniks. "Whether Mihailovich or Axis commanders provoked the earliest encounters," writes Adamic, Tito's most vociferous spokesman in America, "is not clear." But, he adds, "my guess is that many of them just happened." He admits that Mihailovich was "killing Nazis, Italian Fascists and Quislings right along" and that his chief aim "was to prepare Yugoslavia's population for the day when the Western anti-Axis powers, Britain and America, would finally be ready to invade Europe." The Yugoslav government named Mihailovich War Minister, a post he still holds, and its military policies were at all times intimately coordinated with those of the United Nations.

Recently, after the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin conference at Teheran, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden committed Great Britain to all-out military support of the Partisans. Though his statement and pronouncements by other British and American officials were

most cagily phrased, they left a clear presumption of ultimate Anglo-American support for Tito's brand-new "Provisional Government," announced after the Teheran meeting as a rival to the legal Yugoslav government-in-exile.

The explanation offered for this repudiation of the government which Britain and the USA helped to bring into being, and of the erstwhile Allied hero Mihailovich, is "that the Partisans are engaging a large number of German divisions" whereas the Chetniks are apparently "inactive." What makes the explanation exceedingly curious is that Mihailovich has been engaging the Germans only in minor skirmishes and conserving his main forces *upon the counsel of British military advisers who joined him soon after he had organized his Chetniks*. Some of these advisers are still with Mihailovich.

The original quarrel between the Chetniks and the Partisans was almost the same as that between Russia and the Western Powers — the matter of a "second front." Tito emerged as leader of the "revolutionary" Partisans only after June 22, 1941, that is to say after Hitler's attack on Russia. Immediately he demanded all-out action against the Germans, regardless of costs. The Chetnik leaders, how-

ever, followed Allied policy, and explicit British advice, in conserving their main forces until the future Allied invasion of the Balkans.

It was, in fact, this refusal of Mihailovich to open a "second front" in the Balkans that served as signal for the powerful Soviet propaganda machine throughout the world to commence its campaign against Mihailovich.

IV

According to Balkan legend, two other communist "Titos" preceded Josef Broz on the scene. In any case, soon after the present Tito took command, cables from London, Cairo and Berne, Switzerland, began to stream into the United States with the startling charges that Mihailovich was a fascist and a Nazi collaborator. The principal disseminators of this information were the communist New York *Daily Worker*, the Soviet-controlled Inter-Continent News agency and the Free Yugoslav radio station in Russia. At the same time pro-Tito propagandists in the United States became extremely active in spreading these rumors against Mihailovich and his Chetniks. Chief among the propagandists was Louis Adamic.

In *My Native Land* Adamic remarks that "there is no proof of the rumor circulating in the best informed progressive Yugoslav circles in London and New York early in '43 that Colonel Draja Mihailovich was ever a paid foreign agent." It can be said with equal fairness that there is no proof of the rumor circulating in the best-informed circles of Washington and New York that Adamic is a paid agent of Stalin. For some time Adamic has plied the trade of a professional foreigner — an American among foreigners, that is, and a foreigner among Americans. His trade thrived when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, impressed by the suave young man of literary talent, took him under her motherly wing. He became a familiar figure in influential Washington salons. As an expert on the American "melting pot," he became perennial adviser to the Office of War Information and the Office of Strategic Services and gained a notable influence in government circles on matters involving minority races.

There seems little doubt that this taste of power has left Adamic strangely disturbed. In his book he warns that if Anglo-American forces come to Yugoslavia "with the wrong approach . . . someone

will be apt to kill the highest British or American officer he can get at. . . ." In a speech delivered in Slovenian in Cleveland last November 14 — a translation of which is before me — exaggerated self-importance and confusion predominate:

I am standing here as President of the United Committee of South Slavic Americans. I have not yet thanked you or anyone else for electing me. . . . Alas, there was no one else who could assume this work which was badly needed. During the last three months there was work in the United Committee day and night, and now I am standing before you quite tired . . . but also somewhat satisfied and proud.

Amazingly, this one-time progressive champion of the immigrant underdog in America has developed symptoms of Slovenian chauvinism. "I am for [Tito's] Slovene National Army," he cries, because it is "the main factor in the whole situation — a factor which will enable Slovenia to get back the provinces of Goritza, Trieste and its part of Carinthia and Styria." Adamic also insists that he is for a "republican Yugoslavia in which there will be with Slovenia a free and partly autonomous Croatia and a free and partly autonomous Serbia." Since Slovenia has 1,500,000 people, Croatia 3,500,000 and Serbia 8,000,000, his proposal is at least curiously phrased. His book,

moreover, has strange passages in which he speaks of the former Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Ninichich, as a "Christianized Hebrew" — as distinguished from "real Serbians" — and of the Yugoslav Minister in Washington, Fotich, as "an uncomfortable part-Jew."

All the same, Adamic and the other propagandists have been able to tip the scales of American public opinion in favor of Tito. By Adamic's own boast, the OWI in Washington has been sending many of his statements "by radio to Yugoslavia and generally to Europe." He has also sponsored the pro-communist former editor of *Yugoslav American*, Lieutenant Alexander Vucenich, as Office of Strategic Service liaison man between the Tito forces and the American authorities. Although OSS has a long dossier on Vucenich's pro-communist activities, he is now in Cairo sending reports to Washington on the situation in Yugoslavia.

The extraordinary success of the anti-Mihailovich campaign may be judged by the manner in which the former hero is now ignored or smeared as a matter of routine in newspapers here that have no means of knowing the facts but merely follow the prevailing fashion. Again and again military actions carried

out by the Chetniks have been attributed via Russia to Tito's forces. *Mihailovich's frantic cables to the United States urging corrections, literally scores of them, have been ignored.* His angry denials of collaborating with the Nazis somehow have failed to reach the press. Some day, it may be hoped, an enterprising newspaper will obtain these cables and publish the essential portions. Here, for instance, is a cable dated December 6:

Woods and Mountains of Yugoslavia —

The communist radio station "Free Yugoslavia" informed the world and this information was reproduced by the London radio that the Partisan formations destroyed the bridges on the railway Uzice-Visegrad-Sarajevo frustrating thus for a long time the use of this important railroad linking Serbia with Bosnia and the Adriatic Sea. A representative of the Democratic Yugoslav News Agency saw General Miroslav Trifunovich, Commander of Serbia in the Yugoslav Army commanded by General Mihailovich, from whom he received the following statement concerning the above Communist propaganda:

"I can tell you only this — the four bridges of the railroad Uzice-Visegrad were destroyed by our units under my own command and in the presence of Brigadier Armstrong, Chief of the British Military Mission. . . . This happened at the beginning of October, 1943. On the seventh of the same month we took a 150 meter long railway bridge over the Drina River after thirteen hours of hard fighting because the bridge was guarded by one German and two Croatian quisling

companies, protected by twenty-five block houses on both sides of the river. The bridge was taken by assault and using only hand grenades. We lost twenty-one dead and thirty wounded. This operation and the complete destruction of the bridge was executed in the presence of Brigadier Armstrong and Lieutenant Colonel Siez, chief of the American Military Mission.

Like a hundred other messages from Chetnik headquarters, this information was never publicized in the American press. The credit for that Chetnik victory remains Tito's and is one more item used to undermine Mihailovich and to extend a *de facto* if not yet a *de jure* recognition to the Partisan "Provisional Government" in open violation of Britain's agreement with the legal Yugoslav government, which is also the recognized member of the United Nations.

Events are moving with lightning speed. As recently as October 22, 1943 — that is to say, before the Teheran conference — the British Ambassador to Yugoslavia, Mr. Ralph Stevenson, held a conference in Cairo with war correspondents accredited with the Allied High Command during which he discussed the internal situation in Yugoslavia. Though apparently never published, a transcript of the interview has reached the United States.

To the Partisan charges, echoed

here by Communist propaganda, that Mihailovich has lost control in Serbia, Mr. Stevenson replied that "It must be stressed that Mihailovich certainly has control of all Serbia, a part of Bosnia and Herzegovina and Montenegro, extending out to the Adriatic in Dalmatia and even to Slovenia." And he added:

All the accusations of the Partisans that Mihailovich is a fascist, collaborating with the occupational forces, are completely unfounded, and spring entirely from the efforts of the Partisans to blacken Mihailovich among the Serbian population, and frustrate him when the moment comes to seize power in the country. General Mihailovich from the beginning of the struggle has loyally collaborated with the Allies and no one can doubt his loyalty as an ally or as the representative in the country of the Yugoslav Government.

V

There is no doubt that Mihailovich is a monarchist, faithful to his oath to King Peter. Though they helped put Peter on the throne, there is no reason why the United States and Great Britain should foist Peter's régime upon Yugoslavia when the war is over. There is even less reason, however, to foist upon the unhappy country the rival "Provisional Government" set up by Tito and his associates. (At this writing representatives of

Tito's government have already asked for visas to come to the United States to seek recognition.)

The original State Department policy of permitting the peoples of liberated countries to decide their own future after the enemy has been expelled seems to make more sense than ever. Of course, if occupying forces or political groups in temporary ascendancy are allowed, as Tito is now doing, to carry out bloody purges in advance to assure the "proper" outcome in any plebiscites the whole procedure will

become a mockery. To prevent the "fixing" of plebiscites through preliminary terror is perhaps the greatest single political task facing the victorious Allies.

Americans, far from the scene and inundated by pro-Tito propaganda, should not be too hasty in discounting the Serbs, their Chetniks and the Chetnik leaders — those, that is, who have consistently fought by our side and coordinated their policies with the larger policies of the Allies — in favor of Tito's hand-tooled "Provisional Government."



*"All right . . . so it isn't
TRUE air power . . ."*

CLINICAL NOTES

NOT-SO-GOOD NEIGHBORS

BEFORE Argentina succeeded in replacing the shamefaced pro-fascist régime of Castillo with the undisguised fascist and pro-Nazi régime of General Ramirez, two small Latin American countries tried similar stunts — fortunately without success. Though small in population and area, these countries are of great strategic importance to the United States. The fact that these attempts went virtually unnoticed in the United States is proof of the deep ignorance of all things Latin American that still prevails here. Surely equivalent uprisings suppressed in small European countries would have been headline stuff here. Yet Ecuador and Panama are of the most direct importance to the security of the United States.

In Ecuador, "sailors" revolted at the end of August, shouting "Viva Velasco Ibarra!" Few will remember here that Ibarra was dictator of Ecuador from 1934 to 1935, supported by pro-fascist elements in the army and reactionary high clergy. During his short-lived ré-

gime, ended by another revolt, he favored the Nazis wherever possible. Since then Ibarra tried several times to seize power, but without success. The August effort is the latest in the series.

The establishment of a pro-Axis government in Ecuador at this time might have had even more serious results than the existence of a hostile régime in Argentina. Some time ago we leased from Ecuador the Galapagos Islands, the island of Salinas in the Bay of Guayaquil and the port of Santa Elena, which is the westernmost point of South America. These acquisitions are of tremendous importance for the defense of the Panama Canal. Under a pro-Axis setup our activities in the leased territory would be seriously hampered, and at best would be reported to our enemies.

The revolt in the Republic of Panama occurred at about the same time. Our press told us that a Dr. José Pezet, former Vice-President under President Arnulfo Arias, and a number of high police officials were arrested when a con-

spiracy to reestablish by armed force the régime of Arias was discovered. Not one American reader in a thousand recognized the importance of the news. What difference does it make who lords it over that miniature country?

The significance begins to emerge when one is reminded that Arias, former head of a nation that stretches on both sides of the Panama Canal, is one of the most outspoken pro-Falangists and pro-fascists in this hemisphere. While Panamanian ambassador to Italy, Arias became most friendly with Mussolini who arranged several interviews for him with Hitler. In 1940 he returned to Panama and took over the reins of government with the help of local Falangists. Almost immediately he ordered the arrest of all persons known or suspected of opposition to falangism or active sympathy with democracy. He announced a New Order for Panama based on "corporatism" *à la* Mussolini and even put through a phony "plebiscite" that gave him "unanimous" endorsement.

Thereafter the doors of Panama were opened wide for "refugees," who arrived in droves with Spanish passports and quickly found work around the Canal locks, as engineers in waterworks and electric

power plants and at other strategic points. The United States government could scarcely remain indifferent about the whole business, and perhaps was not too astonished when a convenient revolution overthrew Arias, and a friendly democratic government was established, in 1942.

Simultaneous pro-fascist upsurges in two countries vital to the safety of the Canal is certainly no coincidence. That the greater American public remained indifferent to the events is an indication of how far away we are still, psychologically, from our Good and not-so-Good Neighbors.

—STEPHEN NAFT

CELEBRITY UNLIMITED

OUR present-day world grows more "celebrities" per acre than at any time in the past, and this fertility is especially notable in our United States. Big Names fill the headlines, crowd the magazines and jam the airwaves. In every subdivision of human endeavor there are legions of "well-knowns" and "celebrateds" and "authorities."

Industrious autograph collectors — some of whom can fill a book a day with famous signatures caught on the fly — confirm my own impression that nearly every week produces its crop of new stars,

leaders, heroes and "outstanding" this-or-thats.

Can it be that our epoch is blessed with more greatness than any that preceded? Is the stuff of which heroes are made perhaps more abundant than in the benighted past?

Unfortunately the answer is No. The truth is simply that celebrities can now be grown, so to speak, by new hot-house processes in this technological age, with the help of radio, movies, "quickie" books, syndicate features, Sunday spreads and a thousand other artificial aids to fame.

In the dark ages a few generations ago men and women had to achieve greatly and over a long period of time before the tidings of their gifts reached the populace. Too often, indeed, death overtook the hero before his passport to celebrity had been visaed by public opinion. Today, on the contrary, notorious celebrity is as likely as not to overtake a man long before he has finished the task to be rewarded by fame. Public relations experts are available to glamorize him and "blow him up." Any number of sensation-hungry radio stations, tabloids, magazines, newsreels compete for the privilege of discovering the new marvel, whether in the arts, politics, sci-

ence, entertainment, martial pursuits or what-not.

To cite an obvious example: In the past an explorer who got himself properly lost in the jungles or stranded on a raft on the high seas, if rescued, might receive his mead of acclaim and glory in the course of months or years. Today his prototype would most likely be equipped with a shortwave sender; if not, his rescuers at least would be so equipped, so that the drama of the search and the victory would be broadcast to all corners of the earth minute by minute and blow by blow.

Celebrity in our time is thus a lush, weedy thing. It clogs the main highways and chokes to death many a rare plant of genuine accomplishment. Heroes are raised to order; in quantity lots if necessary; cross-bred for fancy effects and grafted on almost any mediocre vine.

True, these artificial fames are shortlived. Newspaper morgues are filled with the flamboyant records of celebrities of the month, the week, sometimes the day. All the same, the super-abundance of shoddy greatness and tinsel splendors begins to cloy and the least we can do is to beg for a moratorium on celebrity, however brief.

—E. L.

THE FUR COAT

A Story

BY GEORGE LOVERIDGE

SOMEWHERE in the ethereal upper regions of the Brownell Funeral Home an invisible harpist was playing *Going Home*. The tones dripped down the stairwell upon the assembled mourners, upon the preacher and upon the body of Olive Mason lying in a coffin hedged with heavy-scented flowers. There were not many mourners but they were a solemn enough group. Some of them sniffled. They looked sympathetically at Olive Mason's father, who was sitting with Emma Scott, Olive's best friend.

"Poor man," they whispered to one another, "all alone in the world," or "She but forty-five, so young to die of heart disease."

The little old man cried silently without bothering to dry his eyes, and the tears made shiny lines down his cheeks. Upstairs the harpist repeated *Going Home*.

Of all the mourners, Emma Scott, though she held a handkerchief to her lips and put it now and then to her eyes, was inwardly the most composed. She was a rather large woman with a vacant, good-natured face. Her hair was beginning to turn gray but she touched it up cleverly to match the original dark brown. She was unmarried, as Olive had been, and they were of an age. They attended movies together, met for lunch a couple of times a week, played cards, and went to New York now and then for a bender, nothing harmful, just a couple of shows, a few drinks, a few days at a hotel. Emma worked in the motor vehicle department in the State House. Olive had been dietitian in a hotel. They had been chums for twenty years.

But it was not of these things that Emma was thinking, nor of the sorrow of the man beside her. As

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the preacher read lugubrious verses intended for consolation; she glanced out a window and saw that the first November snow had begun to fall. The wind was blowing the flakes against the window. She turned her head back, eyes lowered, and reflected that the cloth of her coat was becoming threadbare, which was not to be wondered at after four winters. The fur trimming, dyed rabbit or cat, she supposed, was wearing away, leaving the hide exposed.

The funeral sermon finally came to an end. She got up with the others and walked past the coffin, through the thick smell of flowers, for a last look at the remains of Olive Mason, her friend, and her eyes moistened and she pressed the hand of the old man beside her.

"Come along, Pa," she said kindly. She called him Pa, as Olive had always done. "Don't her face look peaceful?"

It was cold riding to the cemetery, and it was colder standing there on the frozen earth, while the wind cut at them. There were fewer mourners at the grave than there had been at the funeral home. The preacher offered a short, muffled prayer and the coffin sank slowly with a sleight-of-hand effect managed by the proprietors of the funeral company. The heaped flow-

ers lay bravely in the wind. Emma could feel the body of the old man taut and wretched beside her. She drew her worn coat about her, but it could not keep off the cold.

All the way home in the funeral company limousine he said nothing, but sat numbly by her side. She rubbed her fingers over the worn cloth of her coat. She observed the snow, which was lessening, while the wind grew more edged.

It was about five o'clock when the limousine let them off in front of his home.

"I'll stay with you a while," she said. "I'll get you something to eat."

"I don't feel like eating. But I'd like you to stay a while, Emma, if you ain't nothing else to do."

"What else would I have to do?"

"I hated to leave her there alone," he said. "It's so alone there."

He gave Emma the key and she opened the front door and they went up the steps to the second floor, where he and Olive had kept house. Emma helped him off with his overcoat and said, "I was ashamed almost, my coat is so shot. But God knows I can't afford another coat, not this year. I was ashamed to go to Olive's funeral in it."

He was not listening to her. He was listening to the silent rooms.

"I can't believe she's gone," he said.

She was tired of his misery.

"You got to get used to her being gone," she said. "You got to. Olive wouldn't want you to be carrying on, would she? You know she wouldn't."

"I can't help it, Emma."

"You just got to, Pa. Now, you sit down and I'll get you something to eat. You got to eat."

She put on the light in the sitting room and moved his easy chair out for him, just as Olive used to do. In spite of herself, she felt jumpy, as though there were a ghost in the room. She took hold of her nerves.

"Pa," she said, "where's Olive's fur coat?"

"Where's what?" he asked, from far away.

"Olive's fur coat."

"In her closet," he said, without interest. "She just got it back out of storage a week ago."

"Why I asked was because I knew she had it in storage and I thought if she hadn't got it back they might just keep it. You don't know how dishonest some people are, you know."

He did not say anything. He was sitting with his head in his hands. His white hair was neat; he had had it trimmed yesterday.

Then he said, "That harp was beautiful, wasn't it, Emma? I wisht Olive could've heard it. That was her favorite song. You remember she used to play *Going Home* on the piano, Em?"

"Yes. She played beautiful. I always said so."

"I asked 'em to play it. I asked 'em when they said what should they play. It cost five dollars."

He leaned back in his chair and looked around the room, vacantly. He looked at the piano.

"It won't never be the same," he said.

II

She went into the bedroom where Olive had slept, and she opened the door of the closet and felt about in the darkness. Her hand came upon the fur coat. She stroked it. She put on the light on the dresser a moment so she could see it. The black fur was sleek. Olive had always taken care of the coat as though it were a sensitive living thing. It had its own special padded hanger in the closet. She never wore the coat on a wet day, and if she happened somehow to get it wet, or even damp, she hung it in the open to dry. She never let it touch a radiator. If she sat over a hot-air vent in a bus or a trolley,

she took another seat at once, or stood. Each spring she sent the coat to the best fur shop in town to be cleaned, glazed, and stored. Last year she had had a new lining put in, and had replaced the fur buttons with plastic ones. This year she had had the furrier put a new skin in the only place where the coat had begun to show wear, under the left armpit, where she carried her purse. The coat did not look three years old. It looked like new.

Emma put out the light and returned to the sitting room, saying, "I wanted to fix my face, Pa. I cried my make-up off."

He said nothing.

Just as she was going into the back hallway to the refrigerator, to see what there might be for supper, there was a knock on the back door.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened and Mrs. Jager came in. Mrs. Jager, who lived downstairs, was a short, fat woman with freckled arms. She was carrying two dishes, one half-filled with baked beans, the other containing slices of brown bread. Mrs. Jager put on a face of sorrow, with her head to one side, and whispered, "Is he here?" She knew very well he was. She had been watching when they returned.

"Yes. In there," Emma said.

Mrs. Jager moved past her, carrying the beans and brown bread. Emma followed. She watched Mrs. Jager standing in compassionate silence in front of the old man.

"Hello," he said, in a weary voice.

"Hello, Mr. Mason. I couldn't go to the funeral. But I brought you something to eat. I just made them. I knew you might not have something to eat a time like this."

"Oh, that's kind," he said, rising. "It's very kind."

"Don't get up. I'll put these out in the kitchen and you and Miss Scott can eat them."

When she had put the dishes on the kitchen table she came back. She sat down near him in a chair by the wall.

"I'll set a minute," she said. "The stairs is getting to be too much for me. I'm too fat."

She smiled. Her sharp eyes struck into Emma's eyes. Emma was leaning in the kitchen doorway. A current of cold understanding flowed between the two women. The old man said, "It won't never be the same, Mrs. Jager."

"No," she said, "it won't. I know how it is. I know how from how it was when my sister Elsie died. We were like twins, Elsie and me. I thought I would never get over

it." She sighed. "But we have to. Don't we, Miss Scott?"

"Yes. I guess we do, all right."

"We have to get at the practical things again and take our mind off it," Mrs. Jager said.

The old man nodded. He stared at the wall.

"I was going to say one thing," Mrs. Jager went on, resolutely. "There's always bills from times like these and you don't always have the money. I know how it was with Elsie. I was saying to my husband, 'It's not only the affliction but it's the bills, the undertaker and all.' And he said, 'Yes, you're right,' and I said, 'Why don't I offer Mr. Mason \$200 for Olive's fur coat that's no good to her now, poor girl, and no good to him, and he needs the money.' And my husband said, 'O. K. It's your money.'"

Emma said, "I think it's too soon to be talking about things like that, Mrs. Jager."

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," she said. She stood up. "Well, that's an offer, Mr. Mason, for when you come to think of those things. I don't think you'll get a better one. Not from anyone I know of." She put her plump hand on his shoulder. "I hope the beans are good. If you want anything you let me know. Just rap on the floor."

He thanked her and put his hand on hers. Emma moved out of the doorway so Mrs. Jager could go past. They did not say anything to each other.

When Emma heard the door downstairs close again, she said, "Some people are crude. To think of talking of anything like that at this time, Pa."

"She didn't mean anything, Emma. She just wanted to help."

"Help my eye. She wants to get that coat off you while you're upset, when you don't know what you're doing. Two hundred dollars is stealing for that coat."

"Well, never mind now, Em."

"I wouldn't trust nobody with a German name."

"She's a good woman."

"Anyway, she'd look fine in it, wouldn't she, a little butterball like her? Well, come on, let's see how the food is."

He did not eat much. They sat across from each other at the table in the kitchen. The alarm clock on the shelf made a loud ticking. The old man sighed, and slowly he chewed the brown bread.

"Many's the time we washed the dishes together in this kitchen," he said. "Now it'll be just me by myself."

"I'll come over and help you, Pa," she said, smiling and patting

his hand. "Now, try to get yourself together. We all got to go some day."

"Yes, but why not me first, Em? I'm seventy, and here I sit, and she's gone."

Emma ate her beans with good appetite. She got up to tend to the coffee on the gas stove.

"In a way," she said, "Mrs. Jager is right. You got to do something with that coat. But of course you wouldn't want to sell it to her, a stranger, you might say, even if she does live here. I'd buy it myself, but God knows I ain't got enough even to buy another cloth coat, and I'm coming out the seams of the one I got." She poured him some coffee. "It's going to be a cold winter, too. It was cold today. Hear that wind, now."

He nodded. "I don't like the sound of it," he said. "It's a lonely sound. I don't like to think of Olive alone out there."

"Maybe you got some relative ought to get that coat?" Emma said.

"I don't want to talk about that, Emma," he said. He drank some of the coffee. "There's no rush."

"No, I wouldn't say there's any rush, but you don't want to just let it go to waste."

"I might send it to her cousin

Jen," he said, as though to be rid of the subject. "Maybe I might sell it to Mrs. Jager after all. I might have to have the money."

"Who's Jen?"

"In Montana. Remember Olive went there ten, twelve years ago to visit?"

"Oh, yes. I remember now."

"It gets cold out there."

"Yes. I suppose it does."

"The snow gets pretty high some places. She sent us a snapshot once."

Emma took more beans and poured more coffee.

"These beans ain't too good," she said. "But you got to eat something. More coffee, Pa?"

"A little. I guess I won't sleep anyway."

When they were finished, she washed the dishes and he insisted on drying them, so she let him. He dropped a plate.

"I'm so I can't hold on to anything," he said.

"Never mind. You go in and sit down, Pa. I'll finish them. I'll sweep it up."

When she was done she sat with him.

"Don't you want more light?" she asked.

"No, I like it kind of dark. 'Less you do?"

"No. Whatever you like, Pa."

III

He rocked a little in the chair. The house was still. The Jagers were not playing their radio tonight. The old man kept looking at a photograph of Olive that was standing on her desk in the corner. He rocked and looked away.

"Don't that Jen live on a sheep ranch?" Emma said. "Don't I remember Olive said so?"

"Yes. They got a big ranch. Hundreds and hundreds of acres, I guess."

"I was just thinking, a person on a sheep ranch couldn't wear a fur coat like that. Not to ride horses and work around, and there wouldn't be no other place to wear it, not out there."

He rocked. "I dunno," he said. "I haven't thought about it any. Olive sent her some old dresses once and she was glad to have 'em. Maybe I'll send her the dresses."

"It'd be a good thing. You wouldn't want too many things around that'd remind you of her, Pa. It'd just make you feel worse. I can see sending the dresses, but not the coat. Not to somebody on a sheep ranch. They'd ruin it."

He hitched his chair a bit and folded his hands across his belly and rocked some more. "I can't get that song out of my head."

"Maybe you shouldn't've had them play it, Pa."

"Yes, I should. I'll always remember that. Olive'd wanted it played."

They were silent a while. It was creepy when it was so silent, Emma thought. "They'll miss her at the hotel," she said. "They can't find a girl with her ability everywhere."

"That's right."

"That was a nice wreath they sent."

"Yes, it certainly was. I got to write and thank them."

"It was no more than they ought to do. One thing, they paid her decent. That's more'n the state does. We don't get a raise no matter how things go up. You got to eat and you got to dress, but they don't think of that. These defense people, they get millions, but we don't get a cent more'n we used to. You look like a ragamuffin, but what do they care? You freeze and wear your old coat, but they don't bother. A person's a sucker to work for the state, except if you got a job there's some graft in. I'm ashamed to be seen in my clothes at work, let alone at a funeral for your best friend."

"I thought you looked very nice, Em. Olive always said you knew how to dress."

"Yes, but my coat. Many a time

Olive said to me, 'You ought to get yourself a fur coat like me. You'd look swell in one,' and I said, 'Yeah, if I made the dough you make I would.' We was always kidding like that."

"Olive thought an awful lot of you, Em."

"No more'n I did of her."

He began to rock again. She was exasperated. She went into the bedroom for another look at the coat. She saw all the dresses and shoes in the closet, and the hats. She and Olive had been friends, all right, but Olive was always glad, she thought, that both of them couldn't have fur coats, because it made Olive's coat look all the richer to be seen in company with a cloth one.

Emma imagined herself wearing the coat. It seemed like her own, almost. For weeks before Olive bought it, they had discussed fur coats every day, read the advice of experts in the newspapers and magazines, and visited all the fur shops. Finally Olive — or they — decided on a Hudson seal. They made certain that the armholes were large enough so that it could be worn over suits as well as over a dressy frock, and that the lines were conservative enough to keep it stylish for years. It had cost five hundred dollars.

She closed the closet door quietly. At the mirror that would never reflect Olive's face any more, she powdered her cheeks and reddened her lips. She nodded at herself. Then she returned to the other room.

"I guess I better go," she said.

"It's going onto eight already."

"It seems like forever," he said.

"How about the furnace? It's going to be cold tonight."

"I'll fix it pretty soon."

She put on her coat and hat. He helped her with the coat.

"I'm glad you stayed," he said.

"I'm grateful, Em."

"That's the least I could do. I think I'll fix the furnace myself. You're too worn out. It'll only take a minute."

"No, Em . . ."

"You sit there. I'll be back in a minute now."

She went through the kitchen and onto the landing. She put on the light. Though she walked down the stairs quietly, the door on the first floor opened and Mrs. Jager looked out.

"Oh," Mrs. Jager said, "I thought it was Mr. Mason coming down. I thought he wanted something perhaps."

"No, it's only me. I'm going to fix the fire."

"Why not let me, Miss Scott?"

You'll get your clothes all dirty."

"No, thanks. They're only old anyway."

"Can you see all right?"

"I can see."

Mrs. Jager shut the door firmly. Emma stuck out her tongue.

IV

In the cellar she looked about her for a moment. Then she shook the furnace, shoveled in some coke, and set the drafts. The furnace was like the one at home.

There were pokers and other accessories of the furnace hanging on nails driven into the outer wall of the coal bin. She took off her coat and pressed it against a nail, working a hole into the coat near the middle of the back. Then she tugged the cloth grimly against the nail and ripped the coat a foot or more. She put it on again and went upstairs.

She was panting when she entered the kitchen. She stamped her foot and muttered, and the old man said from the other room, "What's the matter, Em?"

"Oh, nothing," she said bitterly.

He came out.

"Look," she said. She turned round.

"Oh! How'd you do that? You should've let me go down."

"My own carelessness," she said.

"That's what makes me so mad. I caught it on a nail in the coal bin."

"Well, have it fixed and I'll pay for it. You were doing it for me, Em. I'll pay for it."

"Fixed? You can't have a tear like that fixed. It'd show."

"Then what'll you do, Em?"

"Oh, I got another coat. It's even worse than this one, but you can't be choosy, can you? It's just one of those things, Pa."

"But you can't even go home like that."

"It's dark."

His face was distressed. "But, Em . . . But . . ." He stopped. "Em," he said, "take Olive's coat."

"The fur coat?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Who should better get it, Em? You were like sisters, you two."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "That's swell of you, Pa, and I guess Olive'd like it. But, of course, it's out of the question."

"Why? Why is it out of the question? Weren't you just like sisters?"

"But it's so much *money*."

"Money? What's money good for except to help people? You got to have a coat, don't you, Em?"

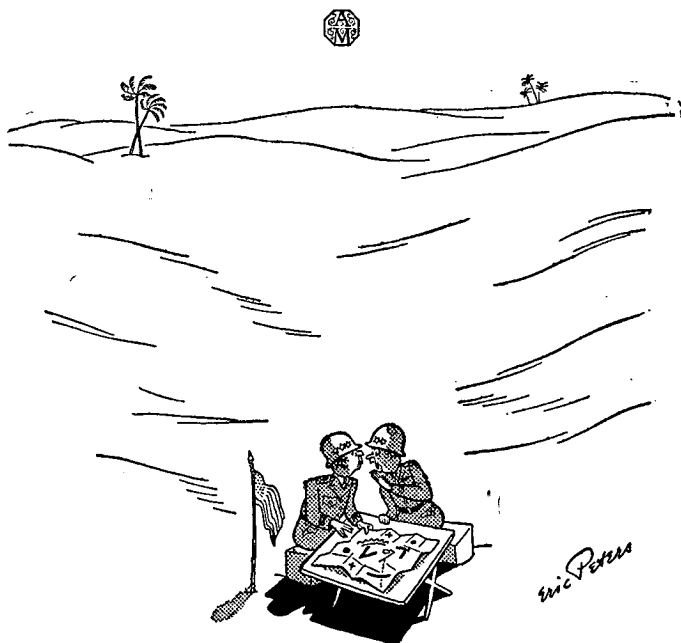
"I suppose I do," she agreed doubtfully.

"Well, then," he said, as though that clinched it. He patted her arm.

She did not let him go down with her to the outer door. As she walked across the porch, past the unlighted window where, she was certain, Mrs. Jager was keeping watch, she thumbed her nose. She descended the steps slowly, and lingered in the brightness of the street lamp in front of the house, as though she were brushing a

speck from the coat. Her hand caressed the dark, glossy fur.

Then she went on. The wind clawed at her face, but she nestled into the deep collar and she crossed her hands in the wide sleeves, using them as a muff, as Olive used to do. She hurried, eager to get home to a mirror. Tomorrow, she thought, she would buy a new hat. And new shoes. And a handbag, perhaps. Her thoughts overflowed into the unconscious humming of a song, the one that she had heard the harpist playing in the afternoon.



"Careful, General, walls have ears, you know. . . ."

► *He expected torture and
received expert surgery.*

A JAP DISCOVERS AMERICA

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

ORDINARILY sick bay on the *USS Speigner* is not a busy place. The *Speigner* works as a navy supply ship in the Aleutians. Twice a day Dr. Cass Stimson, from Petaluma, California, comes in to chat with the two or three mates who are abed and to hear the complaints of others reporting colds or catarrhal fever. The Doc jokes with the fellows quietly; then Kovitz, the chief pharmacist's mate, and McCroskey, pharmacist's mate, first class, dole out the oils and pills which are swallowed with profane sputterings.

But when a red-crossed launch comes churning up to the *Speigner's* gangway, the sick bay can snap to attention quicker than a Marine boot. The launch will be bringing an emergency aboard. Doc Stimson is suddenly swathed in his whites; the big lights are switched on in the compact operating room; McCroskey is ready with anesthesia; and the whole sick bay

sings with efficiency until the emergency is racked up — bathed, bandaged and anointed — between crisp Navy sheets.

There's plenty of America about that sick bay. Doc Stimson is as friendly as Will Rogers. He worked in lumber camps to pay his way through medical school. His eyes sparkle when he talks of his small-town practice which he left a year ago; of his own kids. He thinks people can be pretty swell.

Kovitz at thirty-eight is already a veteran of twenty years in the Navy. He came from the Bronx; the Navy gave him his chance to make magic with medicines. McCroskey is big, blond and youthful, with a smile as broad as his folks' cornfield back in Rudd, Iowa. Dort, who takes temperatures and swabs out, is proud that his old man is police chief at San Diego; and Yeargin, who tends patients and binds cut fingers, is a lanky red-head from Alabama.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE is a chief petty officer in the Navy, attached to the *Seabees*, whose exploits he described in the January issue.

The show at Attu gave Doc and his corpsmen their big experience. They pitched in to help the Army with its wounded. As the red-crossed launches shuttled between the shore and the *Speigner*, Doc and McCroskey and Dort battled to keep their operating table clear. On the deck American soldiers lay stoically waiting their turns, and among these Kovitz and Yeargin worked with the wondrous sulfas, plasma and morphine. After the last, desperate fight at Chichagof, the big operating lights burned all night. The men went in pale, muddy and bloody; they came out clean, comforted by the drugs and revived by the blood from the great heart of America.

Then, almost as startling as a torpedo hit, came Ito. The whole ship tightened with surprise; then resentment. Ito was no brother in arms; Ito was the Enemy! A contemptible, buck-toothed yellow Enemy who hated America and Americans. Filthy beyond description, he lay sullenly on a Jap stretcher — rough boards nailed on two-by-fours. And, God, he stank! Not any ordinary stench, but a pervading, suffocating stench that made you think of decaying rats.

An AA gunner looked down from his platform and barked: "For Christ's sake, you dogfaces throw

that bastard over the side before he suffocates us all!"

Holding your nose and looking into Ito's face, you could see that he was frightened and in great pain, yet determined to betray neither fright nor pain. He and a companion had exhausted their ammunition in a foxhole, and each had held his last grenade against his stomach and pulled the pin. But Ito's gods had let him down. The other Jap's grenade went off, disemboweling him and shattering Ito's leg; but Ito's grenade was a dud. He had lain for days in his own blood and excrement, and now his leg was a greenish, muddy, bloody mass of gas gangrene. Our soldiers had found him still clutching his false grenade.

II

Ito knew, of course, why the big Americans hadn't bayoneted him. He had told an interpreter. The Americans were bringing him to a special torture machine. They were going to laugh at him, slash off his ears, kick out his teeth, then cut him into a "million-million pieces." Now he lay there on the deck, almost overcome by his pain, yet determined to show these American barbarians how a Jap could die.

What in Heaven's name was to

be done with him? Did Kovitz have the right to inject American blood plasma, given freely by some American to save an American's life, into Ito's veins? Did Dort have the right to spend drugs on this Jap carrion? Could Yeargin be expected to bathe this sullen, hateful thing? And, above all, did Doc have the right to devote his operating room, his staff, and his own precious skill to this filthy Enemy? And what about the actual physical dangers? Gas gangrene is highly infectious. With all the antiseptics, men work over it at considerable risk to themselves.

Were not we in the business of *killing* Japs, not *saving* them? Across the bay two destroyers were bouncing like terriers as they blasted at Jap hill positions. A P-38 was diving into mortar nests. Two nights before, drunken Japs had broken through and massacred some of our unarmed medical corpsmen. Shouldn't we, indeed, throw this stinking mess over the side?

I would have wanted time to ponder these questions; to be reassured by some intelligence officer of the possible value of a Jap prisoner. But when Doc stepped out of the operating room and saw Ito, he hesitated long enough to ask: "How about our fellows? Any of them waiting for the operating room?"

"We've caught up for the present, sir," Kovitz replied.

"Bring him in," Doc ordered.

Smoothly, the life-salvaging machine went into motion. Kovitz popped a needle into Ito's arm as two seamen passed the stretcher through the door. Off came the filthy uniform and the improvised bandages. On went the hot, soapy water and antiseptic solutions. Dort shot in the blood plasma while McCroskey hunched the Jap far over and probed into his spine with the anesthesia. They strapped Ito to the table; then Doc stepped in to amputate the gangrenous leg.

Up to this point Ito had remained sullen, contemptuous. But as Doc worked over him, carefully examined his leg to save every possible inch of it, the small, slant eyes began to shift questioningly. The spinal anesthesia had left him conscious, his mind active. His struggle was apparent. He had been so certain that the Americans would torture him. Now he resisted the admission that he was being helped; he was afraid to recognize that his whole training had been a lie. His lips quivered. Perspiration poured from his face. His eyes jumped from McCroskey to Doc. He groped for a word, finally found one.

"A-mer-REEK-a! A-mer-REEK-a!"

He shouted it several times. He was trying to convince himself of an unbelievable discovery. Tears streamed from his eyes. He grinned; nodded his head violently up and down.

The operation lasted more than an hour. Doc worked slowly, carefully, halting every few minutes for McCroskey to douse his mask with solution to keep him from being overcome by the stench. He gave Ito the fanciest amputation in the medical books — the type in which a flap of flesh is fashioned and drawn over the end of the leg so that an artificial limb can be worn in comfort.

When they finally unfastened Ito's hands, he grabbed Doc by the arm, sobbed, cried out "A-mer-REEK-a," and nodded his head vigorously. Then, like a child saying its prayers, he folded his hands under his chin, and tried to bow several times. Doc looked very tired, smiled at him, and said: "Take him away, boys. And get that leg over the side."

Yeargin weighted the leg, walked out on deck, and heaved it overboard. Then he held to the rail and vomited quietly.

When Ito was brought out of the operating room, there was muttering, both among our own wounded and the mates standing by.

"The Doc should have cut it off right up to his chin!"

"I'll bet our fellows at Corregidor got that sort of treatment. Yeah, like hell!"

But the muttering was not against Doc, for when he came out every man on the deck straightened up to attention and felt sort of proud.

After the operation Ito was given the same care as our own men. By the fourth day he had revived to a point where he was trying to make friends with everyone on the ship. By jabbing furiously enough at his arm, nodding and grinning, he could get one of the corpsmen to give him a shot of morphine. The supply of Hershey's and Planters and Camels he had collected was inexhaustible. Oranges sent him into a spasm of grinning and nodding.

III

His great disappointment came when he had to leave the *Speigner*. They had brought him out on deck and were preparing to swing him over the side before he realized what was happening. Then he began to yell for Doc. When Doc walked up beside the stretcher, Ito grabbed him around the legs, sobbing and yelling. He wanted to go to A-mer-REEK-a with Doc. Doc

quieted him and sent him on his way to a base prison.

Afterwards, I sat in Doc's cabin and we talked of Ito. "Well," Doc began, pulling on a cigar, "this is no time for sentimentality. If I had been armed and had come upon Ito in that foxhole, I probably would have bayoneted him. He might have had another grenade, you know. But the man who found him didn't bayonet him, perhaps for humanitarian reasons, more probably for purely military reasons. Prisoners are often worth great risks. But whatever the reasons, the rules had changed by the time Ito reached the *Speigner's* deck. He was a human being in pain, as well as a prisoner of war with certain rights we respect, and the Navy could do nothing less than give him the best we had."

"What about the operation?" I asked. "Did you do as careful a job on Ito as you would have done on an American?"

He answered without hesitation. "Certainly. There can be no degree in a medical man's efforts once he has turned his hand toward saving a human life. You can't say: 'I tried harder to save this man than that one.' You can only do your best. Being human, I'd naturally feel more emotional over one of our own, but degrees of effort? —

of course not. I couldn't have worked more carefully on the Captain than I did on that Jap."

"Do you see any reason for hope in Ito's reaction?" I asked.

This time he hesitated. "Yes," he replied slowly, "but only if we have a clear understanding of the experience. Our first consideration in handling Ito was military. A soldier risked his life to take Ito prisoner. My corpsmen and I risked infection to save him. We did this, first, because of Ito's possible military value to us. Enlightened selfishness was the second consideration. If Ito's stinking body was to stay aboard our ship, we had to cut off some of it, then clean up the rest of it and restore it to health. We had to do this for our own sake as well as Ito's. Our third and last consideration was humanitarian, and I'd say that Ito's obvious effort to show his gratitude is a hopeful sign.

"I think we should proceed against the Jap people in the same manner. We should kill off the most diseased portion. Then, because we must live in the same world with them, we must help to restore the remainder to physical and mental health. And *finally* we should show ourselves the humanitarians that we are and hope that the whole Jap reaction will be the same as Ito's."

► *Free enterprisers err in promising the impossible.*

THE FICTION OF FULL EMPLOYMENT

BY LAWRENCE FERTIG

MEN who seek to mold public opinion too often assume that the public must be handled adroitly and fed only carefully selected portions of the truth. But the procedure nearly always backfires. The basic idea is invariably discredited because of an over-clever presentation which raises false hopes and thus lays the groundwork for disillusionment. The economic problems that face us after the war are too crucial to be treated with anything but complete candor. It is essential, for instance, that some plain words be spoken on the matter of "full employment" under our system of private capitalism. The matter has received a lot of attention recently, but alas, in a spirit not altogether frank.

Leftists of all brands and New Dealers who mistrust the profit motive have proclaimed that business has a social responsibility: it

must in the future provide a job for every man capable of working, or private enterprise will stand condemned and outlawed. The institutions of capitalism, they assert, would in that case have to be wholly or largely discarded and some other system called upon to provide *continual* employment for *all* the population who are able to work. The threat to the capitalist system is implied where it is not explicit: "Full employment — or else!"

Liberal leaders and spokesmen of American industry have been forced to meet this challenge. Economists, public officials and businessmen have entered the lists. Perhaps Eric A. Johnston, President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, who has so vigorously and intelligently presented the case for capitalist society, reflects their views most accurately. Industry

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can give full employment provided it is unhampered by restrictions that throttle its efficiency, they say in effect. But in making this promise they seem unaware that they are accepting the leftist premise that a job for *all* the people *all* the time is the *sine qua non* for the existence of private capitalism. They accommodately fall into the trap laid by those who wish to destroy the present system by agreeing that, regardless of all other advantages it may possess, an economic system that does not meet this one requirement must be supplanted.

I wish to submit in this article that full employment of the extreme leftist definition is impossible under a system of free enterprise; that this promise loosely made will in the long run lead to deep resentments and help undermine the capitalist system; and that our system of free economy is the most desirable ever tried notwithstanding its failure to pass the "full employment" test.

II

The phrase "full employment" is directly related to the slogan, "the right to work," which received so much prominence in our country during the sit-down strikes of 1937. Those who wish to chip away the

foundations of private capitalism have long realized the link between these ideas. Long before Marx wrote *Das Kapital*, Proudhon, the leading socialist of his time, wrote: "Give me the right to work and I will give you the right of property." It was obvious to him, as it has been to collectivists for a century, that once the right to work and full employment is written into the law of a land, a decisive flank attack will have been carried out against the institutions of private property. And private property is the heart of capitalism. Once industry's "social obligation" of full employment is translated into the individual's "right" to a job, the state must enforce this right. It must move in on private business and control its activities.

But the American public need not be promised the impossible in order to sustain its confidence in a continuation of free enterprise. On the contrary, it should be given a frank, simple explanation of the working of capitalism with no attempt to varnish over the defects. These defects, it happens, derive from its very qualities. Once the people are educated to the basic values of private capitalism, they will not so readily be swayed by demagogic emphasis on its shortcomings. Then they will compre-

hend that, despite difficulties, the American people can preserve their precious individual liberties only through private capitalism.

It has been said time and again that eternal vigilance is the price of freedom. Vigilance against what? Against the dominant, centralized and ever-growing power of the state! Those who run the state now have one form of control over us — *political power*. But there is another fundamental kind of power which, in a free system, is split up a hundred ways — *economic power*. Labor unions, capital, management and the broad mass of consumers through their very preferences now exert this economic pressure upon all of us. But if ever the political and economic power are merged into one, which is the essence of the collectivist state, then we are indeed done for. Our liberties would be gone, for no man can ever talk up against inefficiency, injustice and tyranny when his entire life is at stake. Only a free enterprise system effectively separates these two forms of power.

Private capitalism has demonstrated indisputably its ability to provide the masses with a remarkably high and continually rising standard of living. The evidence on this point has been so often quoted that it hardly needs repetition.

"A dollar a day" for unskilled labor, standard pay at the turn of the century, has become \$4.00 a day and more for labor in normal times. In 1900 the General Electric Company, a typical American corporation, had a ten-hour work day, a six-day week, with 18¢ an hour as standard pay. In 1938, 67¢ an hour was standard for an eight-hour day, five-day week with time and a half for overtime. Between 1900 and 1938, the pay of machinists increased from 27¢ to \$1.41 per hour; painters from 32¢ to \$1.36; plasterers from 44¢ to \$1.69; carpenters from 34¢ to \$1.40; bricklayers from 49¢ to \$1.65; composers (printing) from 47¢ to \$1.20. And it is important to remember that *real* wages, that is, actual goods bought with the dollars received, have in every case advanced too. On the basis of what capitalism has given to the people of this country, it has abundantly proved its remarkable power.

But no system is perfect, except theoretical utopias — until they're tried. It must be plainly stated that if the liberty and opportunity offered by capitalism are desirable, then somewhere along the line risks have to be taken in order to retain them. One of these risks is that of occasional unemployment for some of our population. We can seek to

alleviate this unemployment when it comes; we can prepare measures against the time of its coming; but to some extent unemployment will occur and we must face it.

We must face the fact that capitalist production is subject to temporary expansion and contraction, and that *all* labor available cannot be employed *all* the time or there would be few solvent institutions left in this country. Capitalism is a system in equilibrium — a thousand or ten thousand forces working in many directions, all resolved in the market-place by price. It is not only a profit system; it is a profit-and-loss system. The experience of those who miscalculate the market and lose are of great benefit to other entrepreneurs in guiding them to more correct estimation of the needs and preferences of the public.

Under a scheme resting upon the enterprise of individuals, rather than the directive of an all-wise board of overhead planners — or improvisers, as John Chamberlain has called them — there must of necessity be room for expansion and contraction. To assume full employment by industry is to assume the impossible — perfect judgment on the part of producers, no mistakes by entrepreneurs, a balanced relationship between supply

and demand at every moment and in every commodity, no change-overs for product improvements causing temporary unemployment, a theoretical right level for the wages of labor, prices gauged to hairbreadth accuracy in order to sell all the output all the time. These are only a few of the teeming factors which must add up 100 per cent in order to produce continual 100 per cent employment.

Defenders of private economy must face the fact that temporary unemployment to a considerable extent is the consequence of factors which, in themselves, are acknowledged to be virtues of capitalism. I refer to realities like the great strides in technological improvement, or the ceaseless competition of industry with industry. Improvements in machinery and technique account in large measure for our ability to produce more and more goods at continually lower prices. No sane person advocates going back to the plough and the spinning wheel, or freezing technology as of this day to prevent still greater improvement in our productive process. Yet this is clearly an important cause of labor turnover and periodic unemployment. Vigorous competition between industry and industry is a basic cause of the increase in our

wealth, and of the ultimate increase in job opportunities. Aluminum seeks to supplant steel, plastics are improved to compete with wood and with metal, oil is refined to give greater value than coal, synthetic yarns fight for the patronage held by wool and cotton, etc. This competition opens up new markets, lowers prices, creates wealth and gives increased employment in the long run. Yet temporarily it forces some men out of jobs.

These two factors alone are enough to cancel out industry's promise of full employment, providing industry wishes to remain solvent and function efficiently.

Anything is purchasable at a price. Industry can be forced to give full employment but the price would necessarily be control of industry by government. The average business organization could not support its unproductive workers for more than a year without seriously impairing its capital and crippling its ability to produce and give jobs in the future.¹ And what

would happen to the unwanted merchandise which was manufactured by this laborer? Who would buy it and at what terms?

When a business or an industry is obliged to curtail production, it is a sign that something has gone wrong. Prices may have been forced too high — the price of materials and the price of labor, too. Could manufacturing go right on producing in the name of full employment, thus freezing at an inflated level all the prices that have risen during the period of over-optimism and over-speculation? To do so would be to disregard an important symptom and increase the gravity of the illness. It would be an invitation to far more serious trouble, and perhaps collapse.

If it is impossible for industry to solve all the problems and bear all the costs incident to full employment, government will have to step in, force industry to continue production, pay the bills and thus take over control.

III

If full employment is not possible under capitalism, what are we to do? Our system does not operate in a vacuum. It is concerned with living people and there are humanitarian considerations involved.

¹ The United States Steel Corporation, one of the financially strongest organizations in this country, has a free working capital of about 523 million dollars, and an annual payroll of 738 million dollars. Payment to 15 per cent of its workers who are unproductive for one year would eat up over 20 per cent of its capital. The average small manufacturing business would fare disastrously, because of limited finances. Its working capital would disappear at the rate of over 30 per cent per year on the same basis. Even if only part payment were allowed to unproductive workers, it is obvious that the capital of American companies would disappear rapidly.

To deal adequately with this question would require a long treatise covering monetary policy, tax legislation, business and labor practices and a host of other subjects. We will never achieve maximum employment as long as we restrict, cripple and sabotage the economic machinery which creates the power to give jobs to our people.

For unemployment is the end-product of a long series of decisions taken by government, business and labor. But the broad outlines of our solution are not very obscure.

First of all, we must realize that the key to maximum employment under private capitalism is greater production and continued expansion of industry. Competition in all phases of business activity—that is the basis of a healthy, vital economy and a high level of employment. Any plan by government or practice by industry which interferes with the free flow of goods, capital and labor, must be removed.

High tariff barriers that protect some industries at the expense of the general public should be brought down. Price pegging legislation which protects specified commodities and those that profit from their manufacture or sale, at the expense of the general public, must

be repealed. Business monopolies that control the output of essential goods and operate to keep prices high, will have to be vigorously prosecuted. "Make work" practices by labor must be just as strongly counteracted as monopoly practices by business. They are both of the same stripe—restrictive, uneconomical and wasteful. Labor should realize that unless there are adjustments in inflexible wage rates, which tend to curtail production, employment itself will suffer in the long run. If traffic of our economy is to flow freely, it must not be impeded by tax policies that restrict instead of encourage business. It makes no sense to throw sand in the machinery and then demand that the mechanism function smoothly and carry an increasing load. If we depend on venture capital for expansion and more jobs, then taxes should be planned to encourage capital to take ventures.

Our country has rightly accepted an obligation to the unemployed. Already we have legislation that will continually cushion depressions. Unemployment insurance will give some measure of support to those temporarily without earning power and help them tide over to a more normal period. The principle of adequate relief for

the needy has been so definitely established that it is safe to say that no one will ever starve in this country because one cannot get work. Further enhancement of these safeguards against suffering are wholly compatible with the private enterprise system.

So is a well-planned program of public works. Self-liquidating projects of the type of the Triboro Bridge in New York are economically sound and wealth-producing. The main trouble with public works is that they tend to become political in nature and are frequently adopted even though they are economically wasteful. True, every dollar taxed away from the individual and spent for projects not subject to the laws of the market is wasteful to a degree. Certainly such dollars cannot operate as efficiently as those spent in answer to the demands of a free market. But to maintain, as Isabel Paterson does in her book *The God of the Machine*, that "government is solely an instrument or mechanism of appropriation, prohibition, compulsion and extinction," and that the state never created anything, is sheer nonsense. Government reforestation projects create wealth, great bridge and causeway developments (self-liquidating over a long period of time) create wealth, and

they may as well be built in slack times as in boom times, taking advantage of lower prices and giving needed employment.

But any attempt to create a gigantic, perpetual public works program in order to guarantee full employment would be disastrous to our economy. It would tend to freeze at a high level all the inflated prices and the inefficient practices which at times demand correction. The government in that case would constantly step into the market to buy materials and to employ labor at the prevailing prices, thus preventing the system from *making adjustments essential to its health*.

The problem of unemployment is the problem of maintaining the health and soundness of our entire economy. It may be tackled from the point of view of prevention, as well as of cure. Its effects can and should be made as painless as possible. The transition to maximum employment should be speeded up by every conceivable device. But we must not delude ourselves, or delude the American people, into believing that "full employment" in the literal sense of the word is possible under private capitalism. To advocate or to promise full employment is to give currency to a political slogan and to perpetuate a dangerous myth.

► *We are many steps nearer
to eradicating diseases.*

PROGRESS OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

THE prevention of all disease, the goal of medical science, is closer to attainment than ever before. Military and civilian doctors have achieved one triumph after another, and still further progress may confidently be looked forward to. Here I list only a few of the miracles of modern preventive medicine, all recent and all achieved with the aid of sulfa drugs.

Rheumatic Heart Disease

Over a million Americans suffer from this ailment. In some of our large cities the death rate from rheumatic fever and the heart trouble it causes is four times as large as the death rate from measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, meningitis and infantile paralysis *combined*. Rheumatic fever is a chronic relapsing disease and its victims are in constant danger of recurrence.

In most cases, rheumatic fever first strikes in childhood. Painful, swollen joints, high fever and prostration are frequently the first signs, but the onset may be less

alarming with joint aches, slight fever, lassitude and loss of weight. At times, the purposeless movements of chorea — St. Vitus dance — are the first rheumatic manifestation. Rheumatic cardiac crippling is often slight with the first attack, but each recurrence increases the damage. Chronic invalidism and heart failure may follow.

The hemolytic streptococcus has been incriminated as the cause of rheumatic fever, because most attacks follow an infection with this blood-dissolving germ. If a child who has recovered from rheumatic fever develops a streptococcus sore throat, the chances are even that a recurrence will follow.

Led by Dr. Caroline B. Thomas at Johns Hopkins University, a group of experienced researchers began to experiment in 1936. They knew that sulfanilamide would cure such other strep infections as blood poisoning and childbed fever. They hoped that the drug had a preventive as well as curative action.

Dr. Thomas chose thirty-sever

children and adults who had histories of a recent attack. Two-thirds of the group had some degree of leakage of the heart, but 90 per cent were able to carry on ordinary activities without restriction. Eighteen patients were selected by lot to receive small amounts of sulfanilamide two or three times daily throughout the winter and spring — the streptococcus season. Not one of them developed a recurrence. The other nineteen were not given sulfanilamide. Five of them suffered rheumatic recurrences.

Since 1936, sulfanilamide prophylaxis has been used with outstanding success in Baltimore, New York, Minneapolis and other localities. Hundreds of patients have now been observed and the recurrence rate has been less than 1 per cent among those who have received the drug. The recurrence rate among the corresponding groups who did not take sulfanilamide has ranged from 10 to 35 per cent.

Sulfanilamide works by preventing streptococcus infection — the spark that ignites the rheumatic flare-up. The daily dose of sulfanilamide is small — about one-sixth of the amount given to pneumonia patients — but toxic reactions may occur. Recurrences of

rheumatic fever may appear months or years after the first attack, but they are more likely during the first five years. Sulfanilamide prevention is of greatest benefit during this period. The drug is of no value and may even be harmful in the acute attack of the disease, but as a preventive it is the most promising development in the rheumatic fever picture in all history.

Scarlet Fever

Scarlet fever, another streptococcus disease, may spread like wildfire through a family or institution. Death and complications are ever-present spectres. When a case of scarlet fever develops, the sulfa drugs will usually cure it by inhibiting the growth of the streptococci. A few years ago, Dr. E. S. Platou of the University of Minnesota gave small doses of sulfanilamide to sixty healthy people who remained in daily contact with scarlet fever patients. Their systems were kept partly saturated with sulfanilamide all during the period of exposure. Not a single new case of scarlet fever resulted, because the streptococci could not invade and multiply in the tissues.

Dr. C. B. Laughlin uses sulfanilamide prophylaxis among the mountain-folk of eastern Tennessee, where hygienic conditions are not

always the best. A well child thus treated may even sleep in the same bed with a brother or sister who is ill with scarlet fever, without becoming infected. According to his latest report, this preventive treatment has never failed.

Last winter, an epidemic of scarlet fever threatened several thousand sailors quartered on a large pier at an Eastern seaport. One-fifth of the men were students at a radio school. The other four-fifths were transients who remained on the pier from a couple of days to several weeks. Conditions were especially favorable for dissemination of the disease. There was frequent intermingling of the sailors in mess halls and barracks. The smaller group of permanent residents acted as a focus for the spread of infection among the transient personnel.

Only a few cases of scarlet fever appeared at first. Then, with unexpected suddenness, ten radio students and eleven transients were stricken in one week. Immediately each sailor in the radio school was given two pills of sulfadiazine — a cousin of sulfanilamide. They took the same amount daily for the next five weeks. The next week there were only four cases and soon no new cases appeared. All this time, the incidence of scarlet fever re-

mained high in the transient group. Then they, too, were given sulfadiazine prophylactically. After ten days of this regime, no new cases of scarlet fever appeared among the transients.

Sulfadiazine prophylaxis must have broken the infectious chain because no sailor contracted scarlet fever even after the medication was discontinued.

Although the dosage of sulfadiazine was small, extremely careful observation was maintained to minimize toxic reactions. Less than one per cent of the sailors reported any unpleasant effects, none of them severe.

Gonorrhea

The gonorrhea rate, always high for military personnel, has been greatly reduced in recent months through sulfa prophylaxis. If the hopeful plans of Army and Navy medical officers are worked out, this disease may soon become a rarity among men in service. One of the sulfa drugs, sulfathiazole, is a sure cure for early gonorrhea. Even before Pearl Harbor, the idea of preventing the disease with this drug occurred to Commander Maurice Jones of the Navy Medical Corps. He gained the confidence of the men on a warship and they readily told him about their experiences

with water-front girls. The day after such an exposure, he gave them large doses of sulfathiazole. Altogether 350 men received this treatment and none contracted gonorrhea.

For a period of eight months, the method was tried with sailors stationed in the Philippines. One thousand of them were given sulfathiazole the morning after exposure. Only one case of gonorrhea resulted instead of the scores that would have occurred without sulfathiazole. There were no adverse reactions from the drug.

Army doctors have been just as successful with gonorrhea prophylaxis according to a recent report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Experiments are continuing and it is not too much to hope that a safe and sure routine will soon be developed that can be universally adopted by both branches of the service.

Syphilis has not responded to this method of prevention, but the third venereal disease — chancroid — may soon become as infrequent as gonorrhea. At a large state university, volunteers were inoculated with chancroid bacteria. At the same time, they were given half a dozen sulfathiazole tablets. Only one of forty inoculations resulted in chancroid.

The results in actual practice have been just as encouraging. The soldiers and sailors who took sulfathiazole to prevent gonorrhea were protected from chancroid by the same drug. The annual chancroid rate has been reduced from more than seventy per thousand men to nearly zero.

Meningitis

Every war has brought an increase in meningitis and this war is no exception. The Army meningitis rate has skyrocketed and menacing epidemics have broken out in some camps. Among the civilian population, the annual incidence of this potentially crippling and frequently fatal disease has nearly doubled since national mobilization began.

Sulfonamide drugs have a remarkable curative action once meningitis is contracted. The same logic used in scarlet fever and gonorrhea led doctors to test them for their meningitis-preventing powers. The first successes were reported from Australia. During an institutional epidemic, as many as one-half the healthy residents may carry the causative germs — the meningococci — in their noses and throats. These healthy carriers are a greater source of infection than actual cases of meningitis. The obviously ill are immediately isolated,

but carriers go blithely about their business, spreading germs every time they cough or talk.

Last winter an epidemic of meningitis broke out in a United States Army camp. Treatment with sulfadiazine kept the death rate down to the lowest figure on record. Young, unseasoned troops were the most frequent victims. One new division was quartered on two sides of a creek and the men on one side did not intermingle with the others. The 8000 infantrymen on the north side of the stream were particularly hard hit although many cases appeared in the other units. Shortly after the start of the epidemic, all the infantrymen on the north side of the water were given six sulfadiazine tablets every day for three days. No new cases of meningitis developed in this group although meningitis continued to appear in the 9000 men on the south shore of the creek. The training, food and hours of rest were the same for the entire division.

The carrier rate was reduced from 36 per cent to 3 per cent in the soldiers who took sulfathiazole. The carrier rate among unprotected troops rose from 38 per cent to 58 per cent at the height of the epidemic. Although the medicine was

given for only three days, protection extended until the epidemic ended. Again sulfonamide prophylaxis seemed to break the infectious chain.

Careful medical observation was carried out all during the experiment. Some of the soldiers complained of nausea, headache, or dizziness after taking the medicine. None of them was sick enough to require hospitalization and the training program was continued without interruption.

During the late spring of 1943, another epidemic broke out in a camp hundreds of miles away from the first one. As expected, most of the cases appeared in the new recruits of a recently organized division. This time, sulfadiazine was given for only two days and instead of six tablets daily only four were used. The half of the division receiving the drug was fully protected against meningitis throughout the epidemic. During a period of two months, many cases developed among the unprotected men. Again sulfadiazine reduced the carrier rate to a negligible figure. With the smaller dose of sulfadiazine, none of the men complained of nausea or other toxic effects.

In the future, no epidemic of meningitis need get out of hand.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

George Bernard Shaw

MAY God in His infinite wisdom spare him to us for many another year but, since mathematics seem to be inexorable in the scheme of Divine Providence and since he is now within two and one-half years of ninety, the Great Bookkeeper may have other ideas. It is this unhappy thought that prompts, while he is still alive, this reckoning of what George Bernard Shaw has meant, among so many other things, to the world of drama.

When Shaw in his earlier day as a critic looked upon the English stage, what he found, in the plays of Pinero, was simply a romantic servant-girl's view of sex made palatable to her even more romantic employers by identifying it with persons of a somewhat fancier social class. What he found further, in the plays of Henry Arthur Jones, though he deemed him Pinero's superior, was a relationship of men and women predicated merely upon its availability for ready theatrical effect, and a philosophy of that relationship facilely concocted by placing a sliver of banana peel

under Pinero's moral rectitude. What he found still further, despite the strong wind beginning to blow down from Norway, was a drama still artificialized out of all reality by French influences. What he found in sum and in short was an English stage that interpreted life largely in terms of the powdered mentalities and evening-dressed emotions of high-life puppets or in the even more laughable terms of paper-knife melodrama.

Since critic and crusader are generally one and the same, for all the critic's customary lofty disdain of the impeachment, the disgusted Shaw didn't wait long before exchanging his critical robes for play-writing armor and, his white plume flying behind him, riding forth to battle. With the earlier help of his fellow-critic Archer, he drew first blood, if but a dribble, from the heathen by heaving onto the stage of the Independent Theatre Company of London *Widowers' Houses* which, though paradoxically imitative of the very drama he was tilting against, dared to introduce

sociology and economics into the drawing room. This was the start, modest enough, but the start nonetheless of the putsch that was to revolutionize not only the modern drama of England but to a considerable degree the drama of the rest of the civilized world.

It was not, however, too easy going. The English were still happily swooning over the pretty parlor woes of Mrs. Tanqueray and her sisters when Shaw had at them with the ironic whimsicalities of *Arms and the Man*, which they appreciated only as a stage Russian pretends to appreciate licorice-pellet caviar, and, unforgivably, with *Mrs. Warren's Profession* which, while essentially not altogether dissimilar to Mrs. Tanqueray's, nevertheless so outraged the British morality that its production was forbidden.

Chuckling in his beard, Shaw thereupon said to himself, very well, if the numskulls prefer sentimentality, I shall give it to them, but in such clever and witty wise that they will not recognize the deletion of the *ality*. *Candida*, that most delightful of sentimental comedies, was the result. And slowly, like a tortoise making for a lily pond, the English public began to respond. And slowly its esteem for Pinero's innocent young women

whose reputations had been knavishly stained (*The Benefit of the Doubt*) and less innocent older women who melodramatically burned Bibles by way of justifying their illicit relations with politicians (*The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*) proceeded faintly to fade. Nor did Jones' Michaels and their lost angels or Wilde's ideal husbands bring the color wholly back to its cheeks. For Shaw, not dismounting from his charger for a moment, kept prodding sardonically with lances like *The Devil's Disciple*, which invited audiences to bring with them fewer glands and more brains into the theatre and which pleasantly surprised them by being not at all as painful as they had anticipated but, on the contrary, surprisingly amusing.

II

From this point on, our hero's crusade was, as the vulgar Yankee expression has it, pretty well in the bag. It was not that the English, who steadfastly worship anything old, whether a philosophy, an actress or a bathroom, deserted the dramatic order of yesterday en masse. Very far from it. The Episcopalian indiscretions of lords and manicurists (*The Gay Lord Quex*), the Lake Como moonlit adven-

turings of elegant strumpets (*Iris*), the spectacles of cross-examined "good" women battling to preserve their honor (*Mrs. Dane's Defence*), the necklaces of Mrs. Gorringer, the amatory maneuvers of Jane, and the various princesses and butterflies still exercised their perfumed influence. But that influence was not exactly the puissant thing it once was. And gradually and surely it was to become less and less under the Shavian pressure. And where in several other and more progressive countries it had not been earlier recognized, it was now not long before St. George was hailed as the voice in the dramatic wilderness and the prophet of the new dramatic order.

Having already produced the beautifully witty *Caesar and Cleopatra* on a stage chronologically identified with the prettily cologned *The Gay Lord Quex*, Shaw forthwith pitched in in earnest. *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, after a lapse in *The Admirable Bashville*, was followed by *John Bull's Other Island* and that by *Major Barbara*, *The Philanderer* and *Man and Superman*, the three last produced in a single year. Scarcely had audiences recaptured their wind than *The Doctor's Dilemma* was heaved at them. And then in quick succession *Getting Married* (*The Shewing-Up*

of *Blanco Posnet* suffered a deferred production), *Misalliance* and *Fanny's First Play*. And, not so very long afterward, *You Never Can Tell* and *Pygmalion* and *Androcles and the Lion* and, to the bewilderment of any possible remaining doubters, that most remarkable of modern historical fancies, *Saint Joan*.

Shaw's position as the greatest dramatist in the English-speaking theatre of his time was now secure. Nor could that security be minimized by his later and enfeebled work. Although his *The Apple Cart*, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, *Too True To Be Good*, *Back To Methuselah*, *Geneva*, *In Good King Charles' Golden Days*, etc., marked a clearly visible and here and there sorry decline, there were still traces of the real Shaw detectable in them. And at their worst, save in the case of *Geneva*, they were better than the great majority of plays that emanated in the same period from the English theatre.

It was not, throughout his theatrical career, that Shaw was the revolutionary dramatic thinker he was esteemed to be by critics and audiences given to a confounding of impudent intelligence with a quietly reasoned and profound philosophy. Much of what was accepted as daring had already been long tried and tested when

Shaw offered it. It was rather that he had the great ability to restate platitudes in such a manner that their weariness left them and that they took on again the color of youth. He brought with him many of the old stage toys but he painted them up in such brilliant and dashing colors that they seemed new. He laughed at the old conventions of the drama, nevertheless kept them and, by playing his wit over them, gayly deceived his willing customers that they were right out of the bandbox. And, above all, he had the enormous theatrical skill to make cynicism a merry thing.

Gratuitously to analyze his plays too closely is to look the gift horse in the mouth, for they have given their recipients some of the happiest hours the stage has afforded since their earliest birthdays. *Caesar and Cleopatra* overdoes the business of criticizing the British? All right, but it nonetheless remains the best play of its kind written in Shaw's time. The epilogue of *Saint Joan* is greasepaint humbug? True. But the play remains the best play of its kind in that same time. *Fanny's First Play* is on the trivial side? Sure enough, but where a better and more hilarious trivial one? The Life Force business of *Man and Superman* and the pursuit of man by woman is out of Schopenhauer,

with a bow to Nietzsche for the Superman business? So what? Maybe the play as a whole isn't plentifully superior to it?

III

I am not writing definitive criticism; I am writing definitive appreciation of dramatic and theatrical favors. Writing thus, I may possibly deplore with the more definitively critical and worthy P. P. Howe Shaw's admiration for confusing such a character's name as Mr. Redbrook with Mr. Kidbrook or Ftatateeta with Teetatota and, with Howe, condemn it equally with Wilde's having named a character Kelvil in order to be able later on to call him Kettle (or even equally with Shakespeare's bequeathal of the name Elbow for subsequent punning purposes), but since it occupies only eight seconds out of two otherwise amusing hours I shall not complain too loudly. I may also make a wry critical face over the old vaudeville funny business of a woman getting drunk, but *Candida* is *Candida* all the same. I may professionally yelp a little when the great Catherine rolls around on the floor like a couple of 1890 German and Irish comedians, but the short play is pretty entertaining in spite of it, I may groan a

bit over such undergraduate pleasantries, so Howe terms them, as "No man is a match for a woman except with a poker and a pair of hobnailed boots," but there are a hundred such compensating lines as "Captain Bluntschli, I am very glad to see you; but you must leave this house at once" or as "Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more than it ceases to be serious when people laugh." And I may, as a critic who gets paid for it, frown gravely over any number of other obvious shortcomings in the great old boy's plays but, as a man who doesn't get paid for it, I smile and laugh and moisten at so much that is otherwise in them that I nevertheless kiss him on both cheeks.

There is that word moisten. It would take a pretty tough character, or a *Viola tricolor*, to resist Shaw at his sentimental best, for in that best there is a world of tender wisdom distilled into some of the most beautiful prose that the modern stage has known. Caesar's speech to Cleopatra . . . Candida's gentle philosophy . . . Dunderdat's bequest to Jennifer — these and a dozen, two dozen, others confound the criticism that once, and then seemingly not without merit, held Shaw to have a heart compounded half of second-hand

Butler and half, in Wells' phrase, of parthenogenetic eggs.

And so when it comes to sex. The Shaw who once said, "There is never any real sex in romance; what is more, there is very little, and that of a very crude kind, in ninety-nine hundredths of our married life"; the Shaw who observed "One man's poetry is another man's pruriency"; the Shaw who asked, "Is any treatment of sex in the interest of public morals?"; the Shaw who remarked, "The novel which says no more about sex than may be said in a lecture on the facts to a class of school girls of fifteen can be enormously more entertaining than a novel wholly preoccupied with sexual symptoms" — the Shaw who has uttered such beliefs has trouble explaining himself to the Shaw who, albeit perhaps unwittingly, has created some of the most desirable heroines that the modern stage has revealed. It is his paradox that his own passivity has created warmth in other men. Although he often hopes to write brilliantly of women as if they were so many lamps without shades, the softening shades are nonetheless born of his prose. And of his own irrepressible, natural sentiment no less.

Dick Dudgeon in *The Devil's Disciple* pronounces the word *love*

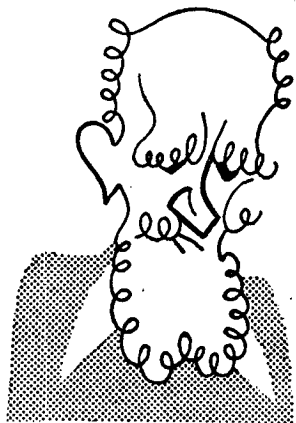
"with true Puritan scorn," Mrs. Bridgenorth in *Getting Married* comments on the "everyday vulgarities of earthly love," and so with many another of his mouth-pieces. But, as Stevenson hinted long ago to William Archer, Shaw was nevertheless born a romantic and continues to be one to this day. And, as I myself observed years ago, his romanticism is no more clearly to be detected than through such of his animadversions on love and sex. He pretends not to see the latter for what they are and for what, deep inside him, he knows them to be. But all the fine irony and humor which he has visited upon them cannot conceal the romanticist hiding behind that irony and humor and slyly seeking to protect himself from the charge through them. If the author of the rare and beautiful letters to Ellen Terry isn't one of the most deeply romantic natures of his time and if he was not then, psychologically speaking, one who cunningly dis-

missed sex only and simply because he wished to safeguard his pride and disappointment in the presence of his successful rival, Irving — if Shaw was not and is not all of that, these observations are those of a two-year-old, and a backward one.

IV

The great man is nearing the threshold of the hereafter. The theatre has not seen his like before, and may not see it soon again. He has brought to it a merry courage, a glorious wit, a musical tenderness, and a world of needed vitality. He has laughed at the old gods and, to give them their due, the old gods have enjoyed it. And outside and

beyond the theatre he has let a wholesome breeze into more assorted kinds of national, international, private and public buncombe than has any other writer of his period. Therefore, hail, Shaw, hail and — I hope I shall wait long before saying it — farewell!



Eric Peters



DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOR

Kingfishers and Conceit

To ask a man whether he has a love of nature is very like asking him whether he has a sense of humor. The answer is nearly sure to be affirmative. We have the belief that a human being, confronted by grotesqueries and incongruities, ought readily to laugh at them; and we have a belief that

human taste should esteem and reverence the great garden of birds and beasts and growing vegetations that lies all around us. These being parts of our general credo, it is rare to find a man who does not take pride in mentioning the readiness with which he is amused. It is rare to find a man who, asked his atti-



Kingfisher

Frank Utpatel

tude toward Nature, is not quick to say he is a devoted son of that many-breasted Mother.

On both scores, of course, we largely deceive ourselves.

It is true we have a certain gift for perceiving and being entertained by the preposterous; but it is a restricted perception, which fails to include, among the things deserving whoops of laughter and gusty shouts of ridicule, ourselves. We have a sense of humor, but chiefly of the humorousness of others, whom we understand to be somehow below or beneath us. It is easy to laugh at a kitten, all fuzziness and fumbliness, as he goes through the pretense of being a lion; and it is easy to laugh at a tatterdemalion vaudeville tramp, as he goes through the pretense of a lofty dignity; but our humor is rarely sufficiently expansive to make us howl with merriment as we see our whole human race going through the pretense of being a god. We are wont to see our fancied inferiors against the backdrop of our superior selves, and to be entertained. We are by no means wont to see the totality of humanity against the backdrop of flaring suns and immeasurable stars and an Inscrutable Ultimate, and to bellow in uproarious hilarity at the pretentiousness of all our wee and

transitory tribe as it cockily parades.

Had we a truly large and embracing humor, we should not look up to our skyscrapers, as we do, as something vast and lasting and a monument to our mightiness. We should squint up past their cornices into those reaches of the sky where time is measured in light-years, and we should find ourselves laughing fit to kill. Contemplating the sure fact of death, we should look upon a magnate, with his complacent power-pride and his little vault-full of Security, not with awe but with something like a giggle. Lawyers, had they a large humor, could hardly see a Supreme Court Justice on the bench without smothering a laughter over his tiny inconsequence. The philosophers could hardly contemplate the history of human philosophy without doubling up in a helpless excruciation of self-mockery.

It rarely works that way. The sense of humor is restricted; and its chief employment is to afford a buttress to our self-importance. The same thing is true of the love of nature. Many men say they love the birds, yes. Many men say they love the animals, and the flowers, and the fecund earth. But this love, like humor, is frequently restricted; and the true intention

is not seldom to prop complacency. When we think of birds, of what do we mostly think? There occurs to us the image of bluebirds, singing their sweet spring song around a human cottage, or the image perhaps of dooryard robins or wrens. We want our birds musical, in the manner of the human musical scale; we want them to flatter or complement our central selves. Not to one man in a million does "bird" suggest a vulture, its claws thick with caked blood, its feathers smelling of corruption. We say the word "animal," and we think of something like the small petitioning squirrel that feeds from our hand and magnifies us. It is not usual that we have in mind the fat white worm that feeds upon the dead.

If our humor is to be anything like a genuine humor, we must be included in it. And if our love of nature is to be anything more than a feeble sentimentality and sick anthropomorphism, we must see nature whole. We must see blood and smell stench and watch squarely when fangs rip flesh. Only so can we have honest understanding that these things, too, are a part of the serene repose-in-progress of nature's organic whole. Only so can we have a love that deserves the name. It is not enough that the heart should melt when bluebirds

sing. The heart must be touched by kingfishers.

A kingfisher is a bird some twelve inches long. In both male and female, the plumage is chiefly in raucous colorings of blues and whites, not modulated to accord with a frightened and finical human taste, but splashy and undisciplined as a sunset. The body of a kingfisher has no symmetry . . . no symmetry as such a thing is understood by the human mind which would narrow that word to make it a human art-term. A kingfisher's head is topheavily enormous. Crested with a spiky disarray of erectile feathers, it is further made disproportionate by the powerful beak: a beak which at the base is thicker from top to bottom than it is broad. The neat and well-proportioned little feet of man's favorite dooryard birds are at least something like a human hand; a kingfisher's feet, fantastically tiny for the size of the bird, have a broad and flattened sole, raspily granulated.

II

A kingfisher, like other birds, flies and feeds and rears nestfuls of young and sings. But in none of these operations can it seem, to a man wanting nature to be only a

self-mirror or a self-minister, a lovable or comforting thing. The flight, like the bird itself, has not a symmetry readily perceptible. The kingfisher's chunky body is hurtled through the air, by the oddly shortened wings, in a series of jerkily swooping undulations. A kingfisher flies and feeds mostly along brooks and other waterways. As indicated by its name, it is chiefly a hunter of fish, though also of frogs or (if the fishing be poor enough) of occasional waterside bugs and beetles. A man can watch a chickadee, daintily opening a sunflower seed, and scarcely be reminded that all life feeds on other life, and that living things are, accurately speaking, dead things made reanimate. But he cannot watch a feeding kingfisher and forget these terms. With its queer little feet the kingfisher clings perching to a dead branch over the water, and stares downward. Hunched and huddled it watches; and then it dives. It plummets like a rock, or (as an uneasy man may imaginatively feel) like a doom. It comes up to its perch again, with a wriggling chub or minnow speared on its powerful bill. It beats and flails the prey against its perch until the prey is dead. Then, with convulsive contortings, writhing and gagging, it swallows the prey whole. When

digestion has proceeded, it will vomit the bones.

When it has had good fishing, and fed well, a kingfisher sings. The sound of its contentment is no melody to lull a man, or to please him, as some bird-songs do, by reminder of his own musical devices. The song that a kingfisher utters is a wild explosive rattling. It sounds not more like most human music — that rigidly codified and therefore comforting thing — than does the roaring rhythmless whistle of wind in a winter forest, or the tearing crackle of brook-ice in a February thaw. Least of all does a kingfisher's utterance give a man any cozy complacency in the spring days when the birds are mating. The rattling rises then to squallings, shriekings and clackings: a fit prelude to the kingfishers' nesting-time. The nest is not a thing of lovely craft, like a hummingbird's. It is not a humanity-complementing thing, like a robin's nest on the window-ledge. It is a tunnel hacked out by beaks in a lonely stream-bank. It is smeary with oil from the diggers' plumage and diet. A reek pervades it. The material of the naked babies' cradle is the vomited spines and scales of fish.

Few of us, there can be no doubt, are able to relish and rejoice in kingfishers. Equally without doubt,

we once possessed that power; and our loss is the sign of how we have set ourselves in separateness from the rest of nature, and grown into an egocentricity which measures in exclusively human terms the validity of excellences. A rattling and chattering cry does not fit our human notion of a song, so we disesteem it; but — expand our view a little — and is the rattling not, in its own kingfisherly way, a fine and free and exultant hymn to the sun? A dark burrow may put us in mind of a human slum; but is it not, kingfisherly speaking, an excellent and appropriate home? The stench of decay is not evil, except as our human referent may make it seem so. In nature there are no dirty and disgusting things. The smell of rabbit entrails, to a fox, is fine and happy. A rattle, for kingfishers, praises God. A fat white worm, in the terms of its own wormness, is no less goodly and fit and glorious a thing than any song or star.

Fatal, alike to a real love of nature and to real humorousness, is

the habit of regarding our position in the scheme of things as that of a model and measure. It is a latterday pride, not known to boys, or to the boyhood of our race. A boy can cherish and rejoice in kingfishers for their own sake, for the sake of their simply kingfisherly excellence; because he has not yet been miseducated to have a too-human exclusiveness. The early painters of ancient China depicted kingfishers constantly. They loved them precisely because kingfishers do *not* magnify man, or minister to his pretensions or his prides, but rather subvert, with a flash and a rattle, his cherished conceit. They loved to paint kingfishers for the same reason that made them love to paint a wildly and irreconcilably asymmetrical tree, and for the same reason that moved them, with healthily humble perception and a humor as pungent as ginseng, to depict a mountain as soaring to infinity, and to depict a man upon the mountain slope as only an uproariously tiny dot.



Ideological Note:

GIVE me the Varga girl! She is naughty, she is nude, but she is not a Nazi.

— MIKE GOLD in the *Daily Worker*

THE LIBRARY

Literary Autolysis

BY JOHN LAND

THREE books could scarcely look less alike than Arthur Koestler's *Arrival and Departure*,¹ G. A. Borgese's *Common Cause*,² and *Roots in the Earth*,³ by P. Alston Waring and Walter Magnes Teller.

Koestler's novel deals with refugees in Neutralia, a country that strangely resembles Portugal. Borgese's book is an unstanachable verbal effusion on the war, the future and the Common Man. *Roots in the Earth* is a little book about farming. Nevertheless, these three have a common cause — social revolution. The social symbol of our age is autolysis, a medical term for the process whereby the stomach, for example, by a subtle derangement of its normal functions, destroys itself by devouring its own tissues. These three books are by-products of autolysis.

Thomas Mann's voluble son-in-law, G. A. Borgese, did not leave Italy until 1931, when he refused to

take the fascist oath. Until then he had been a professor of aesthetics and the history of criticism at the University of Milan. Since then he has come to the United States ("on one of the later *Mayflowers*"), become an American citizen, learned English and written *Goliath: The March of Fascism* and *Common Cause*. Both books are written in an unusual rhetoric which Borgese admirers commonly call Carlylean. Readers who struggle to find out what Borgese is driving at sometimes complain that his prose too often sounds like Carlyle translated into Italian and retranslated into English at an old actors' boarding house.

What Borgese is driving at in *Common Cause* is stated in the beginning:

The explanation of our defeats is that we have not yet begun to fight. . . . Of late we have lifted the common man to supreme heights and discovered in him the measure and meaning of history. He, however, has not required our tributes of adulation or faith — and remains aloof. The resistance of Russia is a mystery to many: but

¹ \$2.00. Macmillan.

² \$3.50. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

³ \$2.50. Harper.

otherwise, in Europe and in the West, the slaves have not risen, the free have not attacked. That we have not yet begun to fight, means that the common man has not entered the fight. The common man, in plainest words, has not found the common cause.

Unfortunately, the Common Man is not likely to find the common cause in *Common Cause* — certainly not in “plainest words.” For if Borgese’s rush of language is sometimes suggestive of Respighi’s *Fountains of Rome*, the plan of his book is just about as fluid, spurting and elusive. There is a startling chapter (which may come as a surprise to the Britishers) on “Why the British Empire Failed.” There is a chapter on the “Germans” who promised the tired world peace and night:

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. The seasons of man change, as do change the seasons of the sky. There is a time for the long proud days; and there is a time for the deeper nights. The Solstice of Man is over. We herald the Night.

There is a chapter on “Russia” with one of the strangest tributes ever penned to Stalin by an admirer:

This Czar’s hands are bloody, and yet one cannot help wondering at some traits of his face, by no means gruesome or ludicrous. . . . Earnestness, with some benevolence, seems to arch those handsome Georgian brows.

There is a tribute to the United States, in which Borgese notes with a newcomer’s fresh discernment that the fondest name that Americans have for the United States is “this country.”

And however much he may dash around the world — philosophically, historically, politically — it is “this country” that he is primarily interested in. For he believes that One World, the brotherhood of man and the paternalism of the State, cannot be established until the United States and Russia come to a fundamental social agreement. For this purpose, Professor Borgese would like to see Russia become a little more democratic, and America a lot more democratic. For he is one of those thinkers who believe that the Republic is dated, and that the future lies with wider and wider democracy, which always involves, by some strange paradox, more and more control of economic, political and individual life by the State.

This is a dilemma of which Professor Borgese, an intelligent man and not a Marxist, is uneasily aware. It takes him close to 400 pages to reach chapters like “Lands of Promise,” “Trumpets of Jericho,” and “Man, Common and Uncommon.” But he is intellectually acrobatic, and though he has

dragged the Common Man (in the name of greater democracy) to the brink of communism, Professor Borgese in the end pins his hopes to "the Emperor (which means commander-in-chief) who will call himself Liberator," and to "the meteoric course of some superhuman personality — whose presence among us is yet undisclosed." If this is not exactly crystal clear, don't blame the reviewer.

II

The first love of the average working revolutionist is still the working man. The working man and the revolutionist are brothers under the elevated; they are city manifestations. The discontented working man is the revolutionist's political meal ticket. The revolutionist is the discontented worker's second brain. Only in exceptional circumstances do farmers or peasants, on one hand, and revolutionists, on the other, ever understand each other. And they never have spoken the same language.

But among circles interested in social change, the word has got around that basic, nationwide social change cannot succeed without the active support of the men who work the land. Hence the great intelligence and energy with which

the New Deal has tried to establish Federal controls in agriculture. Hence the great passive resistance of the farmers, who know perfectly well what is up, and who detest statism with every acre of land they own or ever hope to own. The Leftists have been busy killing the hope that the farmer can ever own and work the land profitably in this age. People like Carey McWilliams (as 'twere with one auspicious and one drooping eye), have busily broadcast the sad-glad news that the big farms are getting bigger, and the small farms smaller and poorer. Land monopoly, they claim, is just around the corner; and after that comes socialization of agriculture.

The importance of *Roots in the Earth* lies in the practical intelligence with which it denies that this trend is inevitable. The family-sized farm, say Waring and Teller, can be made to yield a living. Some of the things that can make it pay include greater use of farm machinery, cooperative buying and selling, diversification of crops, soil conservation and strip farming and very low interest rates for the small (forty acre) and middle sized (100 acre) farmer.

Waring and Teller are by no means conservative. They urge, for example, a much greater inter-

ference by the Department of Agriculture in farmers' affairs, and they look cross-eyed at big farmers. They do not want socialization of the land. If they urge a bigger cooperative movement and low interest government loans for farmers, it is to keep the farmer land-owning. And the land-owning farmer, big and little, is the conservative base of every healthy society, no matter how many miles of factories may be required to keep the average city dweller in a state of civilized neurosis.

III

Those of us who are conservatives by force of conviction differ from those who are conservatives by force of inertia chiefly in the fact that we take the social revolution seriously. I remember that, when I was scarcely grown, Ernst Toller's custom of dating his earlier plays "from the Fortress-Prison of Niederschönenfeld, in the century of the Great Social Wars," struck me as better than almost anything else he wrote. That heading seemed to date and locate for me the destiny of my generation.

Few other generations, I suppose, have ever been so unequal to so great a destiny. It was nothing less than to end, one way or an-

other, the Great Social Wars. One or two earlier generations had worked at it. Sensitive men and women, they chilled themselves to a semblance of metallic hardness, went "with bomb or revolver against this or that individual monster." The Terrorist, Kalyaev, was the symbol of that generation — the youth who, in a Siberian prison camp, covered himself with kerosene, set himself on fire and burnt to death. But those deeds, compared to what we did, are like the ferocities of fairy stories, far away and long ago.

We were the realists. We recognized that men are inherently lazy, that as long as they had a hope of future bliss, they would never really struggle for present happiness. So we liquidated God. We developed the total state, the monolithic party, the political police organized as uniformed praetorian armies (Gestapo and GPU), the concentration and forced labor camps (a slower but more profitable form of execution), the shooting of indiscriminate batches of hostages. We secured the safety of the total state by turning whole nations into informers and police spies. We discovered the science of destroying the dignity of an individual so that he would confess to anything we commanded. We are the first gener-

ation in history that ever killed and robbed one section of a nation to enrich another section. We destroyed the ghetto of Warsaw and we liquidated the kulaks as a class.

Yet no generation has ever brought such moral fervor to the denial of all morality in the name of Reason. For we acted from the intense conviction that the world of Great Social Wars was so debased, evil and socially cancerous that only a monstrous surgical operation could save it, if it could be saved at all. It was the pride of our generation that we alone had the cold-blooded realistic courage for whatever monstrous acts the salvation of society required. Our courage and our Reason gave us our license to practice social surgery. But suppose that after we had doomed thousands, or only one or two, to die — suppose that then we decided that we had been wrong?

Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon* dealt in general with the moral problem of revolution. In particular, it dealt with the moral dilemma of Comrade Rubashov, a composite of a number of Old Bolshevik leaders, liquidated by Stalin. Jailed, forced to sign a false confession, and ultimately shot in the back of the neck by the revolutionary government he had helped

create, Comrade Rubashov lost his moral license to practice surgery. He began to think he had been wrong. The GPU inquisitor reminded him:

There are only two conceptions of ethics, and they are at opposite poles. One of them is Christian and humane, declares the individual to be sacrosanct, and asserts that the rules of arithmetic are not to be applied to human units. The other starts from the basic principle that a collective aim justifies all means; and not only allows, but demands, that the individual should in every way be subordinated and sacrificed to the community — which may dispose of it as experimentation rabbit or a sacrificial lamb. The first conception could be called anti-vivisection morality, the second vivisection morality. Humbugs and dilettantes have always tried to mix the two conceptions; in practice it is impossible.

But Comrade Rubashov was ripe for shooting, for he no longer believed absolutely in his own infallibility and in the infallibility of Reason.

Old Rubashov reappears in Arthur Koestler's new novel *Arrival and Departure*. Now he is only a thought that passes through the mind of Koestler's new hero whose name is Peter Slavik. Slavik has been an intellectual and a revolutionist in a country resembling Germany. He has been captured by the political police and tortured, but he never confesses. Later he

escapes to Neutralia and tries to enlist in the British Army. While he is waiting for the red tape to be untangled, he goes to live in the comfortable rooms of a refugee woman psychiatrist from his home town. She seems to him like "a carnivorous flower." He has an affair with a French refugee girl; but she sails for America, and he discovers that she and the carnivorous flower have been more than friends.

Peter has a nervous collapse. The psychiatrist restores him by making him lay bare his childhood fears and misdeeds that caused him to become a revolutionist. Cured, Peter is on the point of sailing for America. He has even boarded the ship. Then he sees the refugees coming aboard, the communists and ex-communists, the social riff-raff of the revolution which he has repudiated. He rushes off the boat. He is last seen on his way in a plane to be dropped by parachute within the fascist state to join the underground.

Arrival and Departure is only incidentally a novel of psychoanalysis. The sessions with the woman psychologist are little more than a device for telling the story of Slavik's life and revealing his purposes and their neural history. The

problem of *Arrival and Departure* is again the moral problem of the revolutionist, though this time it is a much more special case, and on a much smaller scale than in *Darkness at Noon*. The problem for Rubashov was: what shall the revolutionist do when he loses his faith inside Russia? The problem for Peter Slavik is: what shall the revolutionist do who loses his faith in a free country where choices are many? But for the revolutionist who has participated in the central historical experiences of his time, there is no place in the workaday world. Having no faith in God when his life aborts, he turns to action in which he also has no faith, but which is all he knows. Koestler suggests, when Slavik returns to the fascist country, that by returning to underground activity, Peter is somehow doing as much as the army fliers to find a solution for the Great Social War. What he has really found a solution for is despair — if he has found a solution.

There is superb writing in this novel. But more interesting than the book itself, is what it suggests about the struggles in the mind of Arthur Koestler — ex-revolutionist and perhaps the best mind now writing fiction in Europe.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE DOG'S BEST FRIEND — AND OTHERS

SIR: As a reader, I'm taking advantage of your invitation to reply to G. L. Wyndham's article in the January issue on dogs. It is not only a lot of tommyrot about man's truest friend but also very much biased. The subject is treated very sarcastically by Wyndham besides his supposedly funny quips in parentheses. If he'd come down to earth, cut out the sarcasm, the exaggerated cases and comparisons — the long article would simply be the title and his name — nothing more. Also — if he would state *actual* facts and cases — he'd have no arguments.

He says, ever so politely though the meaning is still plain, that Albert Payson Terhune made his fortune by glorification of the dog. Any person with two cents worth of brains *knows* this is an untrue accusation *and* a slur on the name of a man who glorified dogs long before he made his fortune.

You — as editors — are quite right in saying his is a "tiny" minority. I wager that a good many people feel as I do. Anyway, I hope they write him and show him what a *large* majority *are* dog-lovers.

Don't think I'm narrow-minded in that all people should love dogs, because I *do* think there are two sides to every question — but I and others can still disagree with G. L. Wyndham.

BARRIE TAIT

Cresskill,

New Jersey.

SIR: I have just finished reading the superb article about dogs in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. It is better than good, it's perfect. I couldn't have written it better myself, and higher praise can I give to no man.

I think the article covered most of the dogs' revolting habits. Many is the time those

dear dirty little paws have ruined my nylons when I am not even eating a candy, but merely thinking I might eat one any moment.

Wishing you a very Happy New Year with less dogs for all of us.

LEONORA CORBETT

New York City.

SIR: The boor who hates dogs simply proves that he hasn't intelligence enough to understand them. It is a self-confession of borderline idiocy. The more I see of this breed of egotistical asses, the greater becomes my esteem for canines.

This is addressed to no particular nincompoop, but rather to the low IQ which they represent. Even a mangy dog with fleas is far superior to sissy-pusses that detest them.

Lastly: Never trust a man who hates dogs — it is a pathological symptom of moral deficiency.

ANN WOODWARD MILLER

New York City.

SIR: I say, Windy, old top, are you male or female — or just neutral? And when we met (jolly, wasn't it?) in your last incarnation were you a dachshund or were you that little flea-bitten Pekingese that yelped at my heels?

We meet so many pups in this doggone world that it's difficult to identify all the breeds, but I can tell by your pitiful whine that you're not the English bulldog that once took the seat out of my pants on Piccadilly. Beastly, isn't it?

It makes a chap (or are you a chip?) "lick-spittish" to associate with mongrels, doesn't it, Gwendolyn, old girl? "Fidgetty," you know — "irritating, debasing, and dirty." I know just how you feel. I felt the same way when I read your epistle on dogs.

Cheerio! Better days coming in 1944 when we let loose our dogs-of-war on the Second Front. 'Twill be bloody good fun to attack Adolph from the rear and watch him run. I hope to see you there — carrying a gun. If mine accidentally goes off in your posterior it will be just sporting, you know — wholly unintentional!

A BLIMEY

*Westchester,
New York.*

RACE RIOTS

SIR: I have read Miss Raushenbush's article, "How to Prevent Race Riots," in the September issue and find that it contains some helpful and constructive suggestions.

Some of the proposals made in the article have already been put into effect in this state and in its several communities where racial difficulties might possibly occur, and we shall certainly give consideration to others which are so intelligently made in the article.

I regret that the author has seen fit to include several references to the South which seem hardly to be justified by facts or circumstances. She says: "The arrival of Negroes from the rural South created many of the tensions which resulted in the race riots of World War I; this time it is the arrival of whites from the farming areas of Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi and other Southern states." I do not have the benefit of full information but have been privileged to look over a considerable list of white persons involved in the Detroit race riots, particularly as involved in court actions, and a mere casual study of the names of these individuals seems to be sufficient proof that they are not from any portion of the South. They are names which are not to be found generally in the South, and certainly not in the rural areas of the South. I have no doubt that a careful study of this situation would reveal that the provocative incidents insofar as white instigation was concerned, arose from individuals who have never lived in the South.

The author makes the amazing statement that "Perhaps a majority of the city's [De-

troit's] policemen are Southerners, many of whom have a reactionary Southern instead of a Northern point of view about the Negro." Why should the author feel called upon to make such a serious statement, introduced by the word "perhaps"? If it is a fact — which indeed would be a most amazing fact — then it should be stated as a fact. If it is not a fact — and the author could easily have ascertained this information, I assume — the making of such a statement is utterly reckless and calculated to discredit an otherwise helpful article. Furthermore, the author ignores entirely the findings of the supposedly competent and impartial commission appointed by the Mayor of Detroit.

I write in no sense of controversy, because I have enjoyed and appreciated Miss Raushenbush's excellent article. Furthermore, I am not supersensitive to criticism of the South in respect to such matters. We have many serious problems with respect to racial relationships which could be remedied by intelligent study and racial cooperation. We are endeavoring to do this here in North Carolina, where we have not had a race riot in nearly fifty years and only one instance of lynching in over twenty years. We do not claim a perfect record, but we do believe that the record of race relationship in North Carolina is infinitely superior to that of most of the Northern states.

J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON
Governor of North Carolina

*Raleigh,
North Carolina.*

TRADE, WAR AND PEACE

SIR: Among the contributors who commented on Mr. Churchill's suggestion of a common Anglo-American citizenship, in your December issue, the President of Bowdoin College alone perceived that the removal of trade barriers and the sharing of economic problems was a matter of prime importance, more urgent than citizenship. Emerson hardly exaggerated when he said that trade was the cause, the support and the object of all government, an activity "built upon desires and

necessities which nourish no distinction among men." It is trade, he added, "which is the mover of the nations and the pillar whereon the fortunes of life hang." The endless wars recorded in history have had for their object the possession of natural resources and the enlargement and control of commerce.

It is some such conviction that impels Mr. Hull to persevere in the attempt to break down the toll gates that have separated and embittered mankind, and to substitute voluntary cooperation for armed conflict. The generous emotions aroused by the momentary partnership with Great Britain might make it possible to outlaw such dangerous expedients as destructive tariffs and "Colonial preference," thus preparing a basis for common citizenship. Who would not welcome an agreement that would eliminate the odious work *alien*, make passports obsolete, and transform ports of entry from grim barriers of greed into gates of hospitality?

FRANK W. GARRISON

*Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts.*

LABOR IS GENEROUS

SIR: I wonder how many Americans realize that members of the American Federation of Labor alone have donated \$25,000,000 to Community and War Chests and the Red Cross during the last year, aside from donations by CIO members and other labor men. Those who make harsh judgments of labor should know this fact.

Under agreements between the National Association of Community Chests and Councils and the Red Cross on the one hand and the AFL and CIO relief organizations on the other, representatives of organized labor have been admitted to membership on local boards, campaign, budget and publicity committees. This participation has brought about a remarkable increase in Chest and Red Cross totals; and has helped to break down barriers of misunderstanding and hostility.

There has been perhaps too much attention to strikes which impede the war effort; a too

easy acceptance of the reiterated charge that labor is lacking in patriotism, and perhaps too little readiness to take account of the fact that today every labor dispute has at least three sides — labor, management and government.

Many workers today are living under conditions hazardous to health and efficiency. Industrial casualties have exceeded military casualties from Pearl Harbor to the Tunisian campaign inclusive. Possibly strikes would be fewer if labor got more recognition for its part in the war effort and if there were medals for heroism on the industrial front — for those seamen, perhaps, who literally saved New York City by running a burning munitions ship out into the harbor and sinking it. Recognition, it has been found, increases labor's sense of responsibility in fund-raising.

There is, of course, a way to stop all strikes. They know it in Germany; they also know it in Russia. It is terrorism, which makes no distinction between real and fancied grievances, between reasonable demands of labor and demands without any reason. But if coercion by government is to be substituted for pressure by labor, we shall be accepting totalitarianism as a substitute for democracy. There is a better way; the democratic way of mutual understanding and adjustment between labor and management. And that way, to be successful, requires understanding also on the part of the general public, which is usually — and especially in wartime — a major victim of industrial disputes.

Americans are a fair-minded people. They are also empirical. If in their own communities they experience a wholehearted, intelligent, generous cooperation by organized labor in an important phase of the war effort, they will be less likely to accept blanket condemnation of labor. And the better the mutual understanding between organized labor and other groups, the less likely this war will be to have a labor-baiting aftermath. That is why organized labor's generous part in relief activities deserves wider recognition than it has yet received.

L. G. WELDNEY

Chicago.

You needn't squirm if you're seen with this mystery magazine —

You needn't feel uncomfortable if somebody sees you reading Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. You needn't go on the defensive; you needn't say you've just finished "War and Peace" and want a little relaxation. In short, you needn't feel anything but pleased with our own good taste and judgment.

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(Continued from page 132)

G. I. JUNGLE, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. \$2.00. *Simon and Schuster.* Warrant Officer Kahn here relates some of his experiences as an American soldier in Australia and New Guinea. Much of his material first appeared in the *New Yorker*, where it helped to while away a pleasant ten minutes occasionally. But like so many other *New Yorker* prose collections, this one quickly becomes dull and one is appalled at the flat writing and the straining for literary cuteness and mild cynicism. To Warrant Officer Kahn a drink is often a "potable," a girl is a "belle," the equivalent of bath-tub gin is "a homespun distillation suitable only for the most tolerant of throats," and as for the South Pacific war, "my outfit wounded practically no Australians and a great many Japanese, so I guess we did all right."

THE STRUCTURE OF MORALE, by J. T. MacCurdy. \$2.00. *Macmillan.* An eminent British specialist in psychopathology discourses on such topics as active adaptation to dangers, panic thinking, biological significance of herd life, discipline versus resourcefulness, Chinese morale, Japanese morale, Russian morale, British morale, American morale, the religious characteristics of nationalism, and the meaning of democracy. Much of what he says is addressed to other specialists, but a good deal is intelligible to laymen and makes good sense.

ENGLISH INSTITUTE ANNUAL, 1942. \$2.50. *Columbia University Press.* Here are published eight of the papers read at the 1942 meeting of the Institute. They all deal with fairly technical aspects of biography, authenticity and attribution, and expression.

GEORGE M. COHAN, by Ward Morehouse. \$3.00. *Lippincott.* A chatty, none too critical, but highly readable biography of the "Prince of the American Theatre." The book

is as much a biography of Broadway as of Mr. Cohan. There are eighteen good photographs.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES, by Deems Taylor, Bryant Hale and Marcelene Peterson. \$3.95. *Simon and Schuster*. A reference book and illustrated catalogue of movies from the beginning through *Mrs. Miniver*. Of some historic importance, and of interest to those who like to recall past evenings at the movies.

POETRY

THE LAST MAN, by Weldon Kees. \$1.50. *The Colt Press*, San Francisco. NO BOUNDARY, by Lenore G. Marshall. \$1.75. *Holt*. REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR, by Amy Freeman Lee. \$1.25. *The Fine Editions Press*, New York. SKYWAYS, by Rosa Coates Richards. \$1.00. *The Fine Editions Press*, New York. THE SEALED WELL, by Grant C. Knight. \$1.50. *The Fine Editions Press*, New York. LET THERE BE LIGHT, by Dorothy Hobson. \$1.50. *Bruce Fitzgerald*, New York. LIGHT AND SHADOW, by Anitra Joyce Glueck. \$1.50. *Dorrance & Company*. All these poets have considerable talent, but some of them lack emotional clarity and a full grasp of their medium. Mr. Kees can write a hard, brittle and brilliant line, but sometimes these lines do not add up to a poem. However, on occasion, he can compose strong, truly original and moving verses, as witness "Praise to the Mind," "What the Spider Heard" and "White Collar Ballad." Mrs. Marshall is not very successful when attempting broad philosophical themes, but her short lyrics have the stamp of genuine feeling, as for example, "Cricket Song," "Calf" and "Love Poem." About the same must be said of Mrs. Richards' book. Her "Enchanted Moment" and "Egotist" bear re-reading. Mrs. Lee and Dr. Knight have yet to learn the difference between prose and poetry. Miss Hobson is inclined to be wordy, yet when she is succinct, as in "Prima Ballerina" and "The Snow Comes Silently," she can be very appealing. Miss Glueck, seventeen years old, displays a considerable aptitude for versification for one so young.

"Now, if we
were only
staying
at



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*"Why shouldn't I
buy it?
I've got the
money!"*

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.



"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There's more money today—less to buy. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-n'-gone.

*"You think I can really keep
prices down?"*

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, you're helping to keep prices down.

*"But I thought the government
put a ceiling on prices."*

You're right. And it's up to you to pay no more. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And that boosts prices—causes shortages.

*"Doesn't rationing take care
of shortages?"*

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Every

coupon you don't use today means that much more to share tomorrow.

*"Then what do you want me to
do with my money?"*

Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts! Buy War Bonds. Keep your dollars out of circulation. The government is helping—with taxes.

*"Now wait! How do taxes help
keep prices down?"*

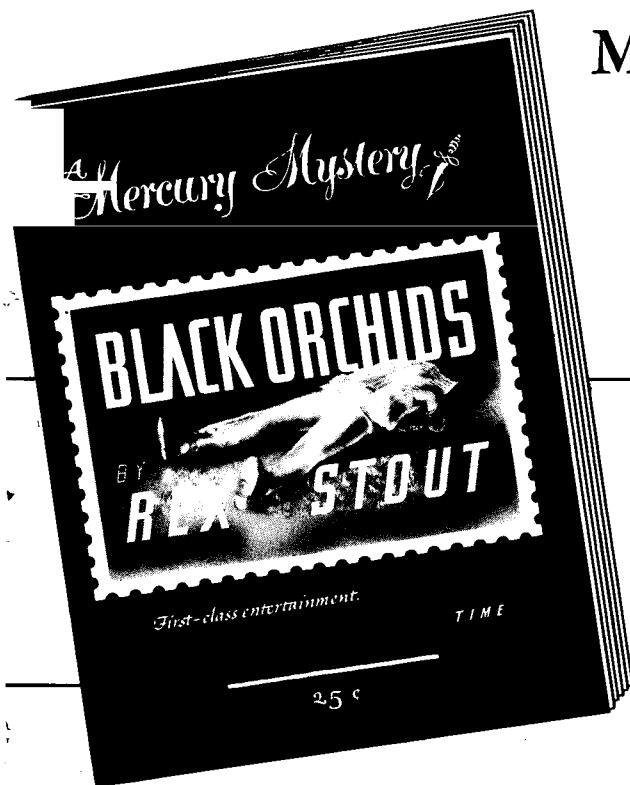
We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So...

*Use it up...Wear it out...
Make it do...Or do without*



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